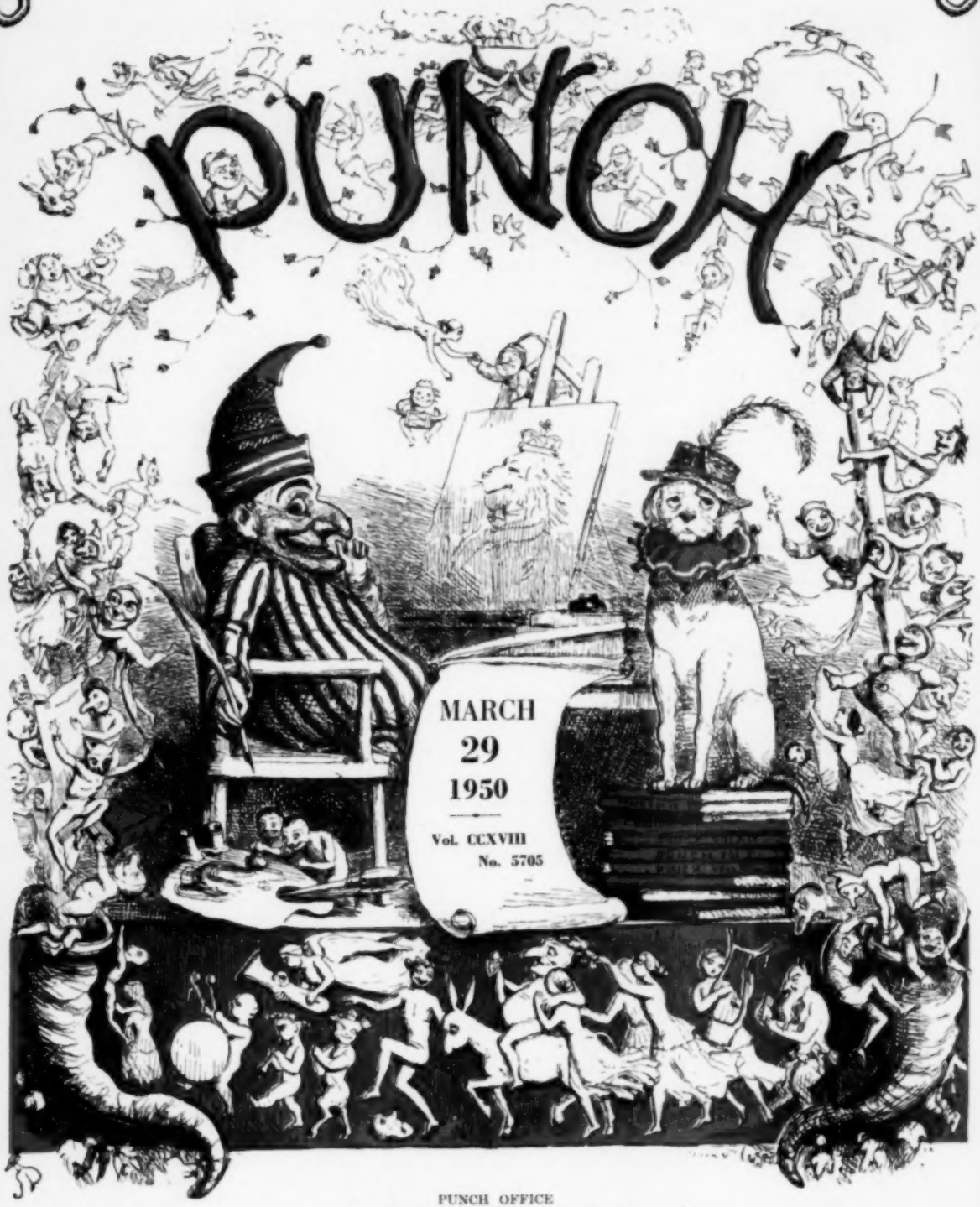
PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29 1950

6D 6D

PUNCH



PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

CHILDREN GROW STRONG ON VIROL

Virol is the food for growth. It provides those essential food factors—not vitamins alone, but also many others just as important—which are likely to be deficient in the rest of the diet. *Give Virol after every meal.* Children love the flavour of Virol and they thrive on it.

Virol

VIROL IS A CONCENTRATED FOOD prepared from malt extract, specially refined beef fat, egg, sugars (including glucose) and orange juice, with added mineral salts and vitamins.

★ **No other food contains the same ingredients in the same balanced proportions**

RALEIGH INDUSTRIES LIMITED, NOTTINGHAM

The Greatest Names in Cycling

Embracing the most advanced and complete specifications. Produced and built in the world's largest and most modern cycle plant.

Ask your Dealer for Catalogues and Gradual Payment Terms

FITTED WITH STURMEY-ARCHER 3- OR 4-SPEED GEAR

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
MEDIUM OR MILD

Walk with Liberty

A handsome Liberty model in grained leather with stout crepe sole. A shoe of character and durability.

Ladies unable to get smaller or larger sizes should write to the manufacturers. Sizes 2, 2½ and 7½ to 9 always available. Please give retailer's name and address.

LIBERTY SHOES LTD., LEICESTER

...for Chef-standards of GAS Cooking by REGULO Control

it's a NEW WORLD for me!

Product of Radiation Ltd

SEE THEM AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

HAVE YOU SEEN IT

at the Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition?

(closing April 1st.)

Without an EVERBURNE you are missing real comfort—having the drudgery of daily firelighting — wasting money in fuel!

An EVERBURNE will make a small fire, in your present grate, burn all night with SHIELDED SAFETY and economy.

If it's a boiler grate, you'll have hot water on tap—all you want—at all hours, with the *poorest* fuel.*

AND YOU ENJOY YOUR OPEN FIRE AS USUAL

66/- No Tax — No fitting cost No alteration

Write for leaflet:
EVERBURNE LIMITED
(Dept. K4) Majestic Works
Springfield Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire

*Solve your summer hot water problem too — no wasted heat or stuffy rooms — no electricity or gas expense.

The

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

television receiver

No doubt you are thinking of buying a television set. You will want to go and see the set for yourself before you buy it. You'll judge — most likely — by the screen size, the clarity of reception and the ease of control. Perhaps, if you're rather more technically-minded, you'll consider things like ion traps and synchrophase for fringe-area reception. But *you'll* be the judge, whatever happens.

That's why The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company is quietly confident about its new set. Here is a receiver which has been designed to 'sell itself' — feature by feature — to the layman who asks for a bigger, clearer picture, and to the technician who knows what goes on behind the screen. But you must decide for yourself when you see the receiver. An illustrated brochure will be sent on application, with the name of your nearest dealer.

The price of the 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' Model 1550 television receiver with 12" x 10" screen is £115.19.11, including Purchase Tax.

REFRIGERATORS · COOKERS · FOOD MIXERS
PLATE WARMERS · WASHING MACHINES

THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED
(T/V DEPT. C.13), QUEENS HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2

New inspiration for evening comfort

DAKS *dinner* SUIT

Good-looking as only a thoroughbred can be — yet as comfortable as a sports jacket and slacks! Daks self-supporting trousers combined with a modern double-breasted dinner jacket of the same easy character. Very distinguished and ready for you to try on. Prices from £27

Narrow ties in the modern manner. Black silk barathea. With square or pointed end 12/-

Marcella shirt with attached polo collar. Coat style. Two sleeve lengths. 59/6

Three-tie shoes, patent leather. Derby style. Two fittings to each half size. 112/5

Simpson PICCADILLY

● *Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd*

202 Piccadilly London, W.1. Regent 2002

STETSON

The world's most famous hat

With all the characteristic style, the quality, and that "difference" which has made them so deservedly famous over many years STETSON HATS are once again back on the market—and now they are being made in Great Britain! There are styles for every occasion, formal and informal, whilst the range of superb colours in which they are made must meet the requirements of each individual taste. Ask your hatter to show you these—you cannot fail to be impressed with their outstanding quality and appearance, and their long-lasting comfort in wear will ensure your complete satisfaction.

STETSON Hats

ROYAL QUALITY 46/- IMPERIAL QUALITY 59.6

Lenthéric

'Three Musketeers' — a masculine trio for "men of action". After Shave Lotion with either Scalp Stimulant and 'Tanbark' Cologne, Scalp Stimulant and Hairdressing, or Brilliantine and After Shave Powder.

Price 25/-

Other items in the Lenthéric range for men:

After Shave Lotion	8/4
'Tanbark' Cologne	8/4
After Shave Powder	8/4
Scalp Stimulant	8/4
Hair Dressing	8/4
Lather Shaving Cream	3/-

quiet, perfect grooming

Paris : 17 Old Bond Street, London, W.1 : New York

From the Antarctic to Ascot, Dexters have made a distinguished name for themselves; they have met Shackleton's demands for endurance and Society's demands for style. Simply slip on one of our weatherproofs and you will understand at once why Dexter is so famous a name and wearing a Dexter so practical a pleasure.

As British as the weather — but reliable.

DEXTER

WEATHERPROOFS

Obtainable from Leading Outfitters Everywhere.

WALLACE, SCOTT & COMPANY LIMITED · CATHCART · GLASGOW

Even an Old Bleach pure linen Pantry Cloth may not make a man *beam* with joy when asked to help dry up — but it certainly makes him more resigned. It's so pleasant to handle, most absorbent, and gets the job done quickly. Old Bleach linen always looks so clean and fresh. Brighten your washing-up life with some of these gaily striped affairs.

ALL DRY WITH

OLD BLEACH PANTRY CLOTHS

Old Bleach Linen Co Ltd, Randalstown, Northern Ireland

SPECIMEN PRICES		3'0" wide 4'6" wide
	Size 6'0" or 6'3" long	
	The 'Deep Six' (6" deep)	£17:4:2d. £25:16:2d
	The 'Famous Four' (4" deep)	£11:9:5d. £17: 4:2d

(including P.T.)

Write for Leaflet to:

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD. (DUNLOPILLO DIVISION)
RICE LANE, WALTON, LIVERPOOL 9. LONDON: 19/20 NEW BOND STREET, W.1

FOUNDERS OF THE LATEX FOAM INDUSTRY

SBD: O&H

More and more housewives thank Hotpoint for the Ideal Electric Cleaner!

Light on the purse, light to handle, light on furnishings, but heavy on dirt —*that* is the Hotpoint Cleaner. Bristling with all the latest improvements, it sweeps and air cleans carpets without damage to fibre or fabric. It picks up threads, hairs and clippings that cannot otherwise be removed without hand sweeping. The Hotpoint Cleaner accessories work wonders with curtains, cushions and upholstery. If you want the best, say Hotpoint to be sure!

The Hotpoint Quality Cleaner, is priced at £10.17.6. plus P.T.) Accessories £2.17.6 (plus P.T.)

Hotpoint

APPLIANCES LEND TO HOUSEWORK

HOME LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT · IRONS · CLEANERS
REFRIGERATORS · KETTLES · PERCOLATORS
TOASTERS · BOILING RINGS · FIRES · WATER HEATERS

Ask your local dealer for full details or write to:-

The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co. Ltd., Crown House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

"A new quick way to make FISH PIE"

says Patricia Seymour

HERE'S my own pet recipe for fish pie. It's lovely on a cold night — and so quick and easy, especially if you make it in a 'Pyrex' brand casserole.

As you know, I always recommend 'Pyrex' brand glass ovenware for oven-cooking. It's the ideal method, because glass cooks in a special way. It retains the heat, and gives it out evenly and gently to the food, so that you get a lovely through-and-through cooking that you can't get in any other way. Nothing looks so nice on the table, either, as one of these sparkling, streamlined casseroles with the appetising contents showing through. And don't forget the saving in work—no saucepans to wash, and these glass casseroles are cleaned in a jiffy.

You need 1-1½ lb. fish fillets, about 1½ lb. mashed potato (made with potato powder), 2 level tablespoons chopped parsley; one small onion, grated; 1 oz. margarine; 1 tablespoon Worcester Sauce; ½ teacupful fine breadcrumbs; one tomato (if available).

Grease a 'Pyrex' brand casserole. Put in the mashed potatoes first, then the fillets. Sprinkle parsley and onion on top. Dot with margarine, add Worcester Sauce, then sprinkle over breadcrumbs. A sliced tomato can be added, if liked, to give colour. Cook in a moderate oven for 35 minutes. (Kitchen-tested recipe.)

REGD. TRADE MARK **'PYREX'** REGD. **OVEN-TO-TABLE GLASSWARE**

All 'Pyrex' brand ovenware carries a 12 months' free replacement guarantee against breakage by oven-heat. It is made by James A. Jobling & Co. Ltd., Wear Glass Works, Sunderland. Obtainable only from retailers.

The dog he left behind him

He is one of those thousands of returning Britons, Servicemen, emigrants and others, who are forced to break their hearts a little by abandoning the pets they love amongst strangers in a foreign land. Fares for animals are very high . . . quarantine costs amount to a pound a week or more. The RSPCA Pets Repatriation Fund, which has already helped to re-unite many owners with their pets, is now seriously depleted. This good work can continue no longer without your assistance. Please send a donation or gift for sale to the Pets Repatriation Fund (Department P), RSPCA, 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1

Remember the **RSPCA**

John Winter

John Winter, working in the 1770's, proved that the newly-discovered Sheffield Plate could rival the beauty of silver at a much lower cost. His discoveries extended the use of silverware, and Joseph Goddard widened it still farther in 1839 by putting on the market a safe and perfect cleaning-agent for plate and solid silver alike.

Goddard's *Silver Polishes*

Plate Powder · Silver Polish · Silver Cloths · Silver Wool

Improved **EASIRECT** *Garages*

FROM ONLY **£49.10s.**

These improved Easirect buildings of reinforced concrete and steel panel construction are the most robust in production today. Absolutely complete with glass, putty, paint and roof sealing compound, they can be assembled with the greatest of ease using only a spanner and a screwdriver. Delivery within seven days—free in 60-mile area. Slight delivery charge beyond.

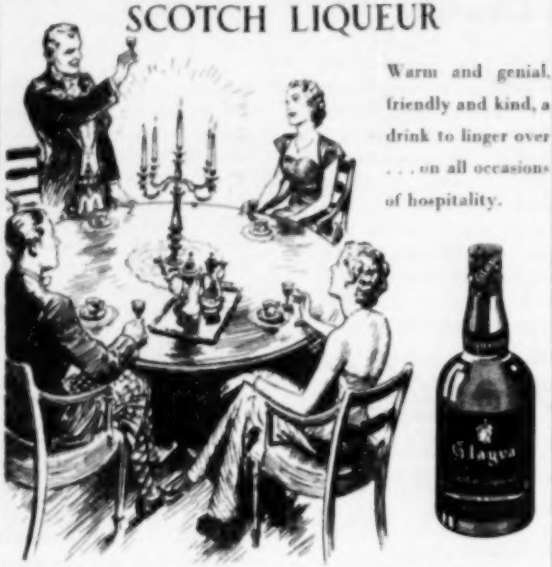
Write for full details.

HAREFIELD DEVELOPMENT CO. LTD.

Dept. P · Harefield
Uxbridge · · Middlesex

Glayva

SCOTCH LIQUEUR



Warm and genial, friendly and kind, a drink to linger over . . . on all occasions of hospitality.

RONALD MORRISON & CO. LTD. EDINBURGH

Valstar DISTINCTIVE WEATHERWEAR

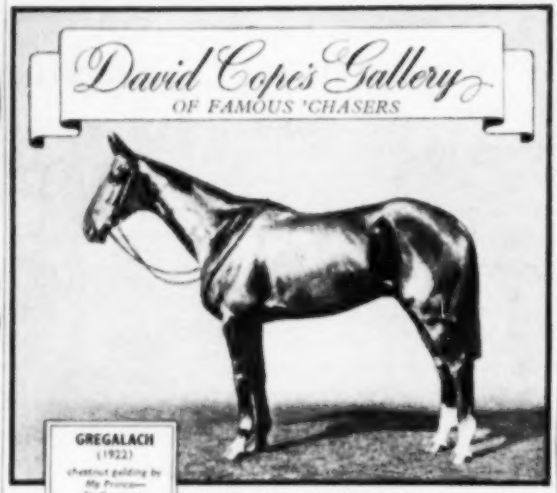
VALSTAR LTD., Salford 6, Lancs
ALSO AT
314, Regent Street, London, W.1.

FOR

WIRE ROPES

LONDON OFFICE:
34/35 Norfolk St., London, W.C.2

David Cope's Gallery
OF FAMOUS 'CHASERS



GREGALACH
(1922)
chestnut gelding by
My Prince—
St. Germaine

IN 1929 a horse called Gregalach beat a record field of 66 to win a staggering success in the Grand National. He started at 100 to 1, as he had an unimpressive record and had fallen in his previous race. Gregalach ran in the next five Grand Nationals and did well enough to prove his 1929 success was no fluke. He finished second to Grakle in 1931, and seventh in 1934. He also won the Ellesmere 'Chase, Becher 'Chase, Emblem 'Chase and Andover 'Chase.

The continuing tradition of the British Turf has its counterpart in the unbroken service which has been offered to sportsmen by David Cope, Ltd., for more than half a century. Our free illustrated brochure describes that service.

You can depend on COPE'S

DAVID COPE LTD. LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4

"The World's Best Known Turf Accountants"

KYNOCH

ESTABLISHED 1786

SCARVES

KEITH SCOTLAND

SKYHI MINOR

HYDRAULIC CAR JACK

"The Little Jack with the BIG Lift"

LIFTING CAPACITY
3 TONS
Closed Height 6½in.
Maximum Height 14 ins.
PRICE £4. 6. 0.
Every car owner should write for details

SKYHI, Ltd.
Skyhi Works
WORTON ROAD
ISLEWORTH, Middx.

THE OAKWORTH

SEASONED OAK Greenhouse

Max. strength. Will not warp. Max. light. Complete pre-fabricated units. Erected on delivery. Wide range or specials. Deferred terms. Delivered free. Send for free brochure.

CASTOS LIMITED
Dept. PX., Wellington, Salop

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

still dependent on Public Support

EASTER GIFTS

in support of the 7,000 children receiving Christian care in these Homes will be warmly welcomed

10/-

will buy one child's food for a week.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," addressed 4 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

THE

"Quality First"
Morris
is in a new and higher
class of its own

Morris Oxford Saloon £427 (plus £119.7.5 purchase tax). Priority must be given to exports at present.

The *"Quality First"* **MORRIS**

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD.
Export Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford & 41, Piccadilly, London, W.1

C.702.

Entrée to enjoyment...

Boon companions at any meeting, on the flat or over the jumps — these mellow, fragrant THREE CASTLES set the seal on a perfect day.

The
"THREE CASTLES"
CIGARETTES
20 for 3/10

TT.2.9C

Made by W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd

By appointment Wine Merchants to H.M. The King

Introducing a new member of the Bristol family:—

HARVEY'S

BRISTOL DRY
Sherry

HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM and BRISTOL MILK are famous all over the World as the finest full Oloroso Sherries. But owing to an unprecedented and world-wide demand only limited quantities are available. BRISTOL DRY is a superb FINO of great age, blended to suit the taste of those who prefer a rather drier Wine.

Price 25/- per bottle. On receipt of a remittance for this amount a sample bottle of Bristol Dry will be sent postage and package free.

JOHN HARVEY
AND SONS LIMITED OF BRISTOL
Founded 1796

LONDON OFFICE, 40 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1. Subsidiary Companies or Branches at—Kidderminster, Cardiff, Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, Glasgow and at Beatties of Wolverhampton.

CVS-35

Swan nibs for every hand

Nothing can stale the infinite variety of Swan nibs ; they are made to suit every hand and are the longest living nibs in the world. A Swan will be your right hand for years.

Lever-filling 30/7 to 42/10. Leverless 36/8 to 73/4 including tax.
Eternal nibs, perfect for duplicating, extra.
From all Stationers and Jewellers.
Use Swan ink—best for all pens.

MABIE, TODD & CO. LTD. 41 PARK STREET, LONDON W.1 (Administration only)
Service Depots & Showrooms: 110 New Bond Street, London, W.1
33 Cheapside, London, E.C.2, and 3 Exchange Street, Manchester, 2

It's good style to write on

WALDORF CLUB

Whatever your style, whatever your pen, you will write more easily, more fluently, on the satin-smooth, non-greasy surface of Waldorf Club, the British made quality stationery at a popular price. Waldorf Club notepaper is made in two colours, Ivory and Cobalt, and in two sizes with envelopes to match. Pads are also available.

write for samples!

A full range of Waldorf Club sample sheets will be sent to you on receipt of your name and address and 2½d. stamp to cover part cost of postage, etc. Please write to : Newton Mill Ltd., Dept. 6C, 24 New Bond Street, London, W.1

Effortlessly — **THAT'S HOW YOU CYCLE ON A SUNBEAM**

SUNBEAM SPORTS TOURIST MODEL SW3

With frame of Reynold's 531 tubing; Dunlop tourist Sprite tyres; B.S.A. 3-speed hub with either top tube or B.S.A. Snap control (twist grip control extra); New all-rounder handlebar; Sunbeam little oilbath etc., price £18. 17. 5. (inc. Tax). B.S.A. Hublite as illus. £2. 8. 9. extra (inc. Tax). Finish in Sunbeam Green 7/5 extra (inc. Tax).

The Sunbeam "Little Oilbath" gearcase provides total enclosure for the transmission, with the chain running constantly through a bath of oil. That is one of the reasons why a Sunbeam moves almost effortlessly.

Send this coupon NOW, to :
SUNBEAM CYCLES LTD.,
10, Armoury Rd., Birmingham.
Please send SUNBEAM Bicycle Catalogue

NAME

ADDRESS

You're in the best of company with a

SUNBEAM

The Finest Pipe that Money can Buy

... and the Tobacco for it

The "Foursome" Pipe, skilfully fashioned in many beautiful shapes from old bruyere root is truly a pipe for the connoisseur.

"FOURSOME" TOBACCO

This pipe tobacco is blended by experts to an old fashioned recipe; free from artificial flavours it provides a smoke of rich and rare enjoyment.

"Foursome" Pipes & "Foursome" Tobacco are for the discriminating smoker; they are obtainable only at high class tobacconists.

For address of nearest stockist write to the Robert Sinclair Tobacco Co. Ltd., Westgate Road, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1.

Foursome *Pipes and Tobacco*

THE ROBERT SINCLAIR TOBACCO CO. LTD. BLENHEIM FACTORY, WESTGATE ROAD, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, 1.

On his birthday morning . . .

The Perfect Gift – ROLLS RAZOR

Every day for years to come he'll enjoy perfect shaving. Rolls Razor — the World's Best Safety — is stropped and honed *in its case*. One hollow-ground blade lasts for years.

Men who prefer dry shaving will be equally gratified with a VICEROY DRY SHAVER available in UNIVERSAL or A.C. ELECTRIC MODELS and also in a NON-ELECTRIC (lever-operated) MODEL.

The **ROLLS RAZOR**

Its hollow-ground blade is a delight to use and saves the lucky owner many years of blade buying. 40/5d (inc. tax).

The **VICEROY** *Electric* **DRY SHAVER**

"The Rolls Razor of Dry Shavers." New UNIVERSAL Model (A.C. — D.C. 90-250 volts). 99/6d (inc. tax). *A.C. Model 200-250 volts.* 87/1d (inc. tax).

The **VICEROY** *Non-electric* **DRY SHAVER**

"Press the lever and shave." The ideal razor where electricity is not available. 78/6d (inc. tax).

ROLLS RAZOR

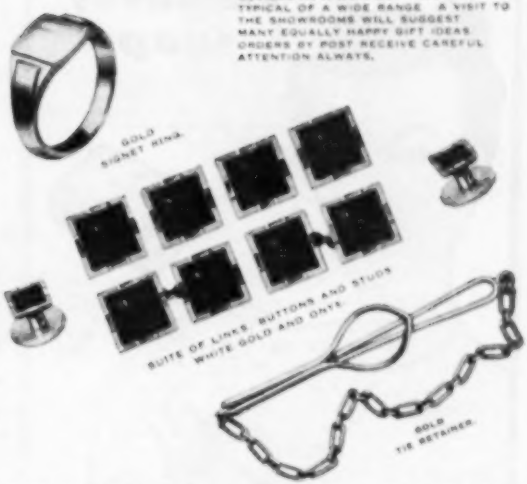
Specialists in Shaving Techniques

MAKERS OF THE **VICEROY** DRY SHAVERS

ROLLS RAZOR LIMITED, Sales Works and Service, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2. Showrooms (Callers only) 193, Regent Street, London, W.1.

For a 21st Birthday...

WE MAY NOT ALWAYS HAVE THESE EXACT DESIGNS IN STOCK, BUT THEY ARE TYPICAL OF A WIDE RANGE. A VISIT TO THE SHOWROOMS WILL SUGGEST MANY EQUALLY HAPPY GIFT IDEAS. ORDERS BY POST RECEIVE CAREFUL ATTENTION ALWAYS.



MAPPIN AND WEBB

LONDON SHOWROOMS: LIMITED

156-162 OXFORD ST., W.1 2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4 172 REGENT ST., W.1

SHEFFIELD: SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK ST.,

PARIS BIARRITZ BUENOS AIRES RIO DE JANEIRO JOHANNESBURG BOMBAY

the lotion in the lather.. ★

saves the face during *the shave*

The lotion in Ingram's prepares your skin for the shave while the lather softens up the bristles — it saves your face from razor-drag the whole shave through. Try an Ingramshave today, you'll find it cool, and what a comfort!

Ingram's combines its own face lotion

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, London & New York

"Nurse" your *digestion*

and your health will look after itself

Nothing saps a man's vitality like stomach trouble. Palliatives often aggravate the condition. What your digestion needs is REST and the soothing effect of a cup of Benger's Food, taken every night for a week or so. Benger's Food contains enzymes akin to those which perform the miracle of human digestion and can thus supplement any temporary deficiency that may be the root of the trouble. Sustaining and satisfying, Benger's Food soothes and calms the stomach giving it a chance to recover naturally.

Benger's Food

A partially pre-digested food for invalids, old people and anyone whose digestion is out of order. *In tins from 1/-.*

"Benger's Food" is a regd. trade mark of Benger's Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire.

WHO MADE THE LEMON SQUASH?

IDRIS

The Quality Soft Drink

SQUASHES 3/- PER BOTTLE

THE REALLY GOOD SOUPS

with the rich flavour

C&B FAMOUS PRODUCTS

CROSSE & BLACKWELL

SOUPS

CHARIVARIA

SOON, a travel expert forecasts, crossing the Atlantic will be as cheap as journeying across England. Rail users in England fear the same thing.

1

"Back-room boys" of the U.S. Army are said to be working on an "electro-magnetic secretary," which will be capable of taking dictation direct on to a typewriter, while automatically correcting any errors of grammar or punctuation contained in it. Later models, the report says, are even expected to be able to argue with their operators if their ideas do not agree. And, no doubt, still later models will cut out at eleven o'clock every morning until reanimated with a cup of coffee.

"Troops and fire-fighters battled against heat, smoke and the smell from boiling grease on the trifles."
—*Daily paper*

That should teach them to turn the oven down before they go out.

"U.S. ADMIRAL ON SOVIET SUBMARINE STRENGTH"
"Daily Telegraph"

Another probe due here, by the look of it.

It is no use bullying a boat-race crew, says an article. On the other hand, it shouldn't be too gently stroked.

2

3

"Let us remember," says a lecturer, "that for nearly three centuries there were only a few thousand Europeans living on the entire American continent." To-day we Europeans are doing much better than that.

During the recent Russian elections everyone in Mr. Stalin's Moscow constituency had voted by midday and the booths were closed. Later, however, some of these had to be reopened in order to cope with the demands of people from distant parts of the Soviet Union who also insisted on registering a vote for Mr. Stalin. The Left-wing Press has been quick to point out how different this is from capitalist Britain where a hundred-per-cent poll is considered satisfactory.

"The Prime Minister . . . spoke from the briefest notes which he had pencilled on his knees during the debate."—*"Observer"*

A trick he remembered from his Boy Scout days, perhaps.

"Because of taxation," says an indignant author, "it is useless to write more books once I have earned £10,000." At that point words utterly fail him.

4

MARKETS CLOSED CHEERFUL

QUOTATIONS drifted downwards all the morning.

Then without warning
Kaffirs staged a spirited rally.
Slowly
irredeemable and long-dated loans
made gains.
Equity prices, that had been dull and idle,
recouped on the tidal
upward swing of prices.
Bricks and cement
built up their new positions point by point.
Paints made a brave showing.
The colliery groups moved forward and dug in;
shipping forged on.
Dominion and Colonial stocks kept going;
airlines gained confidence;
corporation transport joined the general advance.
Short bursts of country selling failed to stop
oils and insurance blazing up.
Rubbers were resilient; teas were strong. This trend
continued to the end.

What turned the tide?
Could it be someone spied
the grasshopper on the Royal Exchange flex a stiff
wing,
saluting Spring?

TARZANIANA

THE death of Edgar Rice Burroughs reminds me that when I constructed for this paper a humble imitation of one of his stories, he sent me a letter of sincere thanks from his Californian home, saying that he had received very little attention hitherto from critics on this side of the Atlantic.

I replied truly enough that I did not think I had ever encountered an imagination of such remarkable ingenuity; at any rate not since the days of Jules Verne.

But I do not consider "Tarzan" to be the greatest creation of his brain. A daily paper speaks of this long saga as "the idea of a white boy growing up in the jungle among the animals," and I suppose that "white" is the operative word. But the original Tarzan in the book (though not in the films) can hardly be called white. His strength was as the strength of ten, but he was of mixed parentage owing as much to the Darwinian theory as to the conventions of Hollywood romance.

But he was too like—or unlike—Mowgli for me. I preferred Pellucidar. And I preferred Mars. I liked the notion of discovering a subterranean continent underneath Africa whose inhabitants were of Lilliputian size.

The armies of this people had a very fascinating kind of cavalry mounted on the smallest kind of antelope. When it was desired to change the front rank for the rear the rear rank jumped over the heads of the front rank, like halma men. I consider this a good military manœuvre, and one that could be practised, with the help of steeplechasers, in all modern armies where horses are still retained.

I do not remember exactly what Mr. Burroughs wrote about Mars, except that the vegetation was scarlet instead of green and children were produced out of eggs in glass incubators; but I wrote myself:

"I thought of the times when I had leapt from the pinnacles of strangely carved temples, to catch the rope that dangled from a Martian flyer by my teeth, and, hauling myself up, had cut it short at the top, dashing my countless eight-armed pursuers to death on the radium boulders beneath."

And later on:

"Engrossed in thought, I scarcely noticed the arrival of a blue Martian messenger, shot from an hydraulic catapult from the War Office at Helium. He struck the earth at my feet. Loitering, as we know it on earth, does not exist on Mars.

'Wao, Drât of Drâts,' he cried, 'I have dreadful news for your ear.'

'Not Googoolia again?' I gasped, leaping, in my alarm for my loved one, about fifty feet into the air.

'No, Thark,' he continued, 'an even more serious accident has occurred. The planet Mars is going slick into the sun.'"

It should be explained that leaping fifty or a hundred feet into the air was quite a common mishap for the hero of Mr. Burroughs' story, until he had acclimatized himself to a planet in which the law of gravitation (as we know it) did not operate at all.

My own hero had a Martian dog with a tremendous tail, one wag of which would be sufficient to annihilate an earthly elephant, and accustomed to fawn on his master with fifteen toeless feet. On hearing the rather sensational news about the sun, he decided to fly with his dog and gain control of the central heating apparatus of Mars, slacking off the heat in proportion as the planet approached the solar orb; thus interrupting the narrative at a crucial point to await the next instalment. If I improved at all, I improved only a little on my original.

It seems to have occurred to Mr. Burroughs one day that he could write better than the ordinary "pulp magazines." And he did. He outstripped the comic strips. In fact he remade them. It is already a common incident, I suppose, in these pictorial dramas, for a hero even more agile than Tarzan to immunize himself from radio-activity and rush to the aid of a heroine on the wings of a nuclear projectile.

The comic strip is bound to keep a stride or two in front of science, and Mr. Burroughs helped it considerably. He conducted the youth of the world from the man-ape to the atom bomb. EVOE

ANY MOMENT NOW . . .

THE SPIRIT LEVEL

"I'LL show you a trick"
(said the devil to the saint)
and he conjured a small glass
bottle.
The glass was thick,
and its shape was quaint.

"Neither Einstein nor Aristotle"
(the devil observed)
"can account for this:
you see that bubble of air?"

The saint looked hard at the thick
glass bottle,
and sure enough it was there:
it began to wobble,
it began to quiver,
it rose, quicksilver bright,
there was something horrible in
its motion,
like a cockroach scuttling from the
light.

"Choose"
(said the devil to the saint)
"in which century
when the bubble bursts
you would like to be:
Eocene, Miocene, the Middle Ages,
or as far as the mind of man can
see
into the future—
all 's one"
(said the devil),
"when you've rubbed your eyes in
surprise"
(said the devil)
"there you'll find me."

"I'll show you a better"
(said the saint to the devil).
"That's a good trick, I agree:
but give me the bottle,"
and he drew the cork
and set the bubble free.
"You can't true worlds with a
spirit level,
nor time, you know"
(said the saint to the devil).
"Your bubble has gone to eternity
and I can follow and find it"
(said the saint)
"where you cannot find nor follow
me."

R. C. SCRIVEN

"Are you doing anything particular for a moment, dear?"

PRICE OF ADMIRALTY

HE was not good at writing in a train, his upward strokes flying out of the window and his downward ones jabbing him in the waistcoat, but he persisted.

"Connecting the two parts of the Admiralty," he wrote, "are trains running between Paddington and Bath City Stations. The one from Paddington delivers commanders twenty minutes late for their meetings at Bath and the one from Bath delivers them twenty-five minutes late for their meetings in London. This is not the fault of British Railways but the fault of the people in London and Bath whose custom it is to arrange the times of their meetings with a view to getting through the agenda with or without the people from Bath or London. At London meetings, for example, there is a pause, half an hour after the meeting has begun, while the Bath commanders apologize for being late, brush the snow off their boots and ask to hear what has gone before. The time saved by starting early is thus lost to recapitulation, and the same could be said, if anyone ever wanted to say it again, of the meetings at Bath, where, indeed, there are added difficulties. Admiralty (Bath) is itself divided into three sections, each at the top of a separate high hill. Cars are sent

to meet visiting officers, and these cars, the cars of their occupants popping, storm the wrong hills. By this means London commanders are enabled to be late for other people's meetings as well as their own and to find themselves discussing not sea-gull trip-wires, as might have been their intention, but the lead-content of the bottom-colour for the tripods of under-water beeswax containers, as might well not."

He had perhaps said "beeswax containers" aloud, for he became aware that the other occupant of the carriage had shifted in his seat. He glanced across, noticing him for the first time. He was surprised to see that he looked a landlubber: no dark-blue waterproof, no black dispatch-case. He looked again: the fellow had a moustache and that was certainly not a Royal Marine tie. In this carriage, it was odd. He shrugged and returned to work.

"Then there are the standing committees, meeting alternately in Bath and London every month. Not every commander is always quite clear whether it is his London month or his Bath month. In consequence a permanent element of the Bath-to-London traffic consists of Bath commanders travelling to London for the bi-monthly meeting at Bath. Similarly, the London-to-Bath traffic invariably includes one or two commanders on their way to Bath for a meeting in London. Once indeed, near Reading, owing to a comprehensive clerical error of blinding charm, the whole Bath-contingent of a standing committee, proceeding London-wards, passed the London-contingent of the same committee, proceeding Bath-wards. They shouted at each other through the carriage-windows, and an officer of the Municipal Dockyards Section was only just prevented from pulling the communication-cord. This incident, which took place on V-J Day, is known in Bath (and London) as the Grand Slam."

He paused and looked at his watch. The train should have arrived in Bath five minutes before. That his companion was a lubber now really disturbed him. He left the compartment and looked into the next one. There was a lady in

it and a man in that brownish uniform associated with one of the junior Services, but no one of naval appearance. His heart sank and he turned to the window. The train was nearing a station. He watched for the name, read it, and went mournfully back to his seat.

It was a quarter of an hour before he began to write again, the upward strokes flying out of the window as before and the downward ones jabbing his waistcoat.

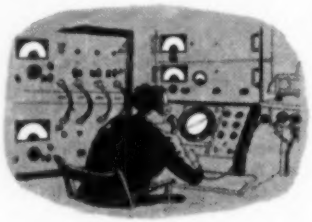
"The rear carriages that bear the London commanders to Bath seldom contain anyone else. Tar and salt are in the air and the silence is the silence of a wardroom mess at breakfast-time. For the faces behind the newspapers, and the heads outside the windows watching for the moment when the tow is slipped and they glide to their berth alongside the platform at Bath, it is a homely train. The only lonely ones," wrote Commander Price, of Admiralty (London), his shaking hand doubling the effect of the vibration, "are the inevitable handful, scattered through the carriages in front, steaming off to Bristol for their meetings in Bath."

VERNAL OUTLOOK UNSETTLED

SAYINGS about the weather are so often bound up with improbabilities, like enough blue sky to make a pair of breeches, or ducks falling (by implication) through thin ice on a pond, that such a phrase as "equinoctial gale" tends to convince you simply by the solid, scientific ring of the words. But with weather you can never take anything for granted. We had an equinox last week, a vernal one: was anyone so sure that there would be a gale, or there wouldn't, that he cancelled, or confirmed, an appointment for a day's sailing?

If no one was, at least it was not for lack of trying. The Central Forecasting Office at Dunstable were trying madly; the crews of the Atlantic weather-ships were trying; the young men in the shed depicted above (in one of its most equinoctial moments) were trying; the denizens of the Air Ministry roof were trying. Everybody concerned, in fact, was doing his damnedest.

True, they take a broader view than that; they will probe after a gale just as determinedly on All Hallows Eve or Walpurgis Night as at the equinox. The hardest probers are at Dunstable, because the other



installations are tributary to the C.F.O. When a "radiosonde" balloon soars from the deck of one of the four ex-corvettes, now devoted to weather-research in the Atlantic, on its queen-bee-like career of service before extinction, the data about temperature, pressure, humidity, wind-speed, and so on, which it provides are for Dunstable's benefit, where they will form a small but essential part of the Big Picture.

Fifty receivers at the C.F.O., besides the one working with the weather-ships, are getting similar information constantly from Madrid, Gibraltar, Angmagsalik, New Delhi, Moscow and a myriad other centres. (But the operator working to the ships has a cubby-hole of his own instead of sitting in the big W/T Reception Room. For he has to deal with administrative traffic as well: the ship may signal, for example, that one of its crew has a sore throat and a high temperature; this alarming news is telephoned to the local hospital and a prescription passed back to the ship. Such outbursts of drama do not occur in the transmissions from Angmagsalik or New Delhi or even Moscow, which stick to such formal phrases as 51324 69702 21960 49586, and so on.)

Then there are a hundred-odd teleprinters exchanging data with all Western Europe. As the flood

of messages come in they are placed on an endless-band conveyer, which conveys them to the Communications Room to be sorted by a "scrutineer." The operators being a mixed bag of males and females, doubtless the endless band sometimes conveys, during slack periods, an occasional "What about the pictures to-night?" among its routine traffic. I am sure the scrutineer would deal with such a communication as promptly and deftly as she does with all the rest.

Beyond the Communications Room is the Forecasting Room, where plotters log the incoming information on blank charts in a simple code which calls for the use of two coloured inks and therefore, in so efficient a *milieu*, for the use of two pens tied together in the way attributed to schoolboys writing impositions. Here the picture begins to emerge from which the

gale may be deduced, if gale there is to be. You can, for instance, draw lines through all places showing the same barometric pressure and produce isobars; seeing which, your ignorant sightseer can point with his finger and say, loftily and probably wrongly, "Ah, an anti-cyclone over the Irish Channel—I suppose that means decent weather at last."

To real forecasters isobars are baby stuff. It would be nice to list all the points they consider before dashing off a warning to the B.B.C. about gales impending in areas Sole, Fastnet and the rest; but you have to be brought up to that sort of thing. Meantime let us see what goes on in the wind-blown hut at the top of the previous page.

This houses the "Sferic" installation, a machine for locating thunderstorms. When you hear one of those angry little ticks of thunder in your loudspeaker the Sferic operator sees a line angled across a television screen. He can calculate from this the bearing of the storm; other bearings are obtained simultaneously in Cornwall, Scotland and Northern Ireland, and the point where they intersect is where the lightning was. No doubt if there is no thunder on anywhere the operators turn over to Alexandra Palace for a little light relief.

The C.F.O. provides forecasts for the B.B.C. and the newspapers, and until last month it ran its own broadcast service on 1210 metres. This is temporarily suspended, and the young lady announcer has been let out of her glass case for a while; but it is hoped that she and it will return later. Otherwise, Dunstable concerns itself less with detailed forecasts than with providing information to out-stations for their own local forecasts. One such out-station is that eyrie on the Air Ministry roof, where in our imagination solemn meteorologists keep popping up during a heat-wave to read the thermometer.

The roof in question is that of Victory House, in Kingsway, and people do indeed keep popping out to read not so much the thermometer as the hygrometer, the Campbell-Stokes sunshine recorder, the daylight illumination recorder and so on. In winter they may even have to climb the rigging of the anemometer and de-ice the pressure-tube. But besides popping out on the roof these stalwarts provide forecasts for the London area, and if there are to be gales in areas Serpentine and Round Pond it is they who will say.

It is reckoned that accurate forecasts can be made for twenty-four hours ahead, and accurate "further outlooks" for another twenty-four. You disagree! You are probably mistaken; if it happens that the forecast is wrong on the day of an election or a coronation or a game of golf the impression made of chronic inaccuracy effaces all recollection of the many times when the announcer has said "Cold and dull" and it has been.

But if you are so convinced that you would back yourself against the official records, you will find these in another office at Harrow, and you will at least agree that records, founded on accomplished facts, should not lie. And yet . . .

On July 4, 1862, a recent letter in *The Observer* points out, Lewis Carroll spent "a golden afternoon" on the river at Oxford, with a picnic tea for his young friends, in the course of which he told them the story of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. Now according to the records the weather at Oxford on July 4, 1862 was "cool and rather wet," and rain fell from two o'clock onwards.

So if I assure you that the C.F.O. and the Air Ministry roof and the rest are unanimous in agreeing that records show no foundation for believing in equinoctial gales, you may draw what conclusions you like.

B. A. Young

AT THE PICTURES

Au delà des Grilles
The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend

THE fact that *Au delà des Grilles* (Director: RENÉ CLÉMENT) has a story that can be described as "gloomy" (that is, the principal character, who is obviously doomed from the start, is not enabled to escape his doom—just

[*Au delà des Grilles*

Genoa is so Bracing
Pierre—JEAN GABIN; *Marta*—ISA MIRANDA

for the fade-out—by some remarkable stroke of luck) seems to me quite irrelevant to the point of its merit as a film or even its value as momentary entertainment. It resembles other sombre pursuit stories in presenting its fugitive in a strange town, befriended by a woman who comes to love him, and it is interesting to consider how its picture of the life of Genoa, its narrative decoration of incidents often lightly and ironically observed, are made to fit into a satisfying whole. The amusing moments do not seem out of key in the serious story; similarly, it does not seem wrong for a story founded on a tragic situation to include so many of them. That this should be so is a sign of great directorial skill. We have all seen films whose general impression was marred by flashes of the wrong sort of comedy, and to hold the right key and produce the right final effect with a picture composed of a lifelike miscellany of everyday detail and incident undoubtedly demands very great ability and experience. JEAN GABIN has the sort of part he has often had before, but it suits him perfectly; ISA MIRANDA is excellent and touching as the woman; and there is an impressive performance by a child, VERA TALCHI. Visually the film is a pleasure throughout. I am concerned to assure the simple-hearted that though the mere narrative in outline is what they would call "sad," it will not depress them; enjoyment depends very much less on "the story" than many people imagine.

Certainly *The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend* (Director: PRESTON STURGES) is a very minor work as Sturges works go, but I think it does more or less what it sets out to do. It does not satirize the conventions of the Western as well or as exhaustively or as subtly as the Marx Brothers did, but it erects a fabric of roaring slapstick on a conventional Western foundation, and from time to time it succeeds in being very funny. The hallmark of a Sturges slapstick scene, and, in a different degree, of any Sturges scene of comedy, is the calculated piling up of comic incidents or effects so that the mere accumulation of them—each held for precisely the right time, not to say "milked" to the last second—rises to a shattering climax of laughter just before the point at which it would occur to one that there had been almost enough of this for the moment. The perfect example here is a tumultuously violent gun battle in which there is every kind of ludicrous explosion but absolutely no blood, in which people may get knocked unconscious from time to time but are none the worse for it a few moments later. This is the culminating point of a picture that has BETTY GRABLE as a pretended schoolmistress (teaching, of all things, what everybody calls jology) who happens to be a dead shot. Among other competent comedians there is RUDY VALLÉE in the stuffed-shirt, rimless-glasses part he always gets these days, and the familiar Sturges way with inanimate objects appears in such things as a stiff collar that breaks loose with a twang. Violent, sometimes crude nonsense, but often amusing.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Among the London shows there is a good British comedy, *The Happiest Days of Your Life* (22/3/50). The run of *Bicycle Thieves* (11/1/50) continues, *The Blue Lamp* (1/2/50) is about, and *Louisiana Story* (6/7/49) is still with *Moonrise*.

Several interesting releases: *The Astonished Heart* (15/3/50), *It's a Great Feeling* (22/2/50), *Three Came Home* (8/3/50) and *It Happens Every Spring*, an enjoyable unassuming comedy. RICHARD MALLETT

[*The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend*

Pistol Packers
Freddie—BETTY GRABLE
Charles Hingleman—RUDY VALLÉE

THE MAN WITH A LIFT ON HIS MIND

THE car overshot the "Request" stop by a dozen yards and pulled up with a hiccup. The passenger opened the door and placed his left foot on the kerb.

"I hope you won't mind my saying this," he said, "but I'd much rather you didn't pick me up tomorrow. Don't think I'm ungrateful but——"

"Don't mention it, old chap," said the motorist. "No trouble at all. I mean to say, doesn't cost me much, does it now?"

"I don't think you quite understand," said the passenger. "You've been giving me a lift every day, Sundays excepted, for more than a month, thirty-eight days to be precise, and I think it's about time to call a halt. Cast your mind back to the day you first picked me up: it was a Thursday—remember? Well, that morning I was running because we'd had a power-cut and I'd not had my usual time-check from the wireless—you see I always leave home on the dot, with the announcement of 'Programme Parade'—and you saw me and stopped because . . . well, I don't exactly know. Probably you thought I'd miss the bus and so be late at the office and suffer accordingly; or else you wondered whether, at my age, I could run all the way to the village without damage."

"I assure you," put in the motorist, "I thought of no such thing."

"Well, never mind; whatever you thought, you stopped. And you stopped the next day, didn't you, although I wasn't running then, because there'd been no power-cut. You stopped then, if I may be so bold, because you thought that if you didn't I'd think you'd found me offensive in some way. You didn't want to create a precedent or anything, but on the other hand you didn't want to upset me. So you stopped again."

"Look here," said the motorist, "is this some game or other? Am I missing the point?"

"The next day, the *third* day," continued the passenger, "was critical. If you gave me a lift again, the routine for the next month or year—years, perhaps—was established. I believe that you set out on that third morning definitely determined not to give me a lift."

"Aren't you going to miss your bus?" said the motorist.

"But it rained, and there I was, caught in the downpour. You decided that not to stop in the circumstances would make me think that I'd offended you in some way. You stopped, and you've been stopping ever since. But never again: this must be our last ride together."

"Very well," said the motorist, "if you really mean all that."

"I certainly do mean it," said the passenger. "If you stop again I shall have to find some other route, or disguise myself or something. I can't have you feeling that you ought to stop when really you don't want to."

"Who said I didn't want to?"

"Well, do you promise not to stop or don't you?"

"I promise," said the motorist.

"You see, if you *do* stop again I shall offer to pay for the petrol consumed, and that will embarrass you horribly, won't it?"

"We—ell," said the motorist, "no, frankly it wouldn't. Matter of fact I was thinking of suggesting some kind of financial arrangement before long. After all, there's the wear and tear——"

"Just as I thought," hissed the passenger. "Just as I thought." And he slammed the door and hurried away.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

A TRAIN TO CATCH

"AND now," said Mr. Forester, throwing a log on the fire, "we come, not without the deepest reluctance, to the question of the train." He straightened up, hit his head on an oak beam and sat down opposite his guest.

The guest, a City worker called John, said "The train. Yes, indeed," and added a regretful sigh. He had spent the day being a tip-up lorry for the children and the evening reading a long short story in Mr. Forester's handwriting.

"Eight forty-nine," said a girl who had come to supper. "Nine-fifty Victoria. Daddy will take you in his car."

"How sweet of you, Susie," said Mrs. Forester. "We couldn't think of it of course. Why, he'd have to drive along this road and back."

"Do him good," said Susie.

"John could stand by your garage door," mused Mrs. Forester. "Only he's got that box of earth."

"At eight thirty-three," said Susie. "And a half. Did you say a box of earth?" She laughed heartily. "Now that really *would* do daddy good. And the car."

"I say, really," John protested. "It's frightfully kind of you, but I've got to be in the office at nine."

"At *what*?" said Mr. Forester, coming out of a cupboard with a bunch of little yellow papers.

"I have, honestly. It's so that we stop at four-thirty."

"Sheer hedonism," said Mr. Forester. "Martha, this time-table, if so you can call it, is the summer one."

"I know," said Mrs. Forester. "We did have a winter one last summer. But I'm sure that one's as good. I've never yet found a train that isn't in it."

"Page forty-three," said Susie. "I've got that sort of memory."

"Darling!" cried Mrs. Forester, when she could bear it no longer. "*Give it to me!* Here we are, page eighty-six. I've just thought. If you're so early, John, David will drive you in."

Mr. Forester opened his mouth, paused and said "The little ones."

"Well, you'll have hours to get back in. It's school," she explained to John. "He takes them, and lots of other children, then he has breakfast and then he fetches someone else and drops someone else and catches the ten-something. This is his late day. Now, on Tuesday——"

"I think," said Mr. Forester, "we'll get Baxter."

"You'll be lucky," said Susie. "He'll be at home, with no telephone."

"Can't I bicycle?" said John.

"Now that's an idea," said Mr. Forester.

"Look, we'll find the train first," said Mrs. Forester. "What about eight-ten, nine-seven?"

"The trouble is they're being nasty about punctuality at the moment," said John. "They're having a thing."

"Then seven-forty-nine. Only it doesn't get there. Oh, but I've had an idea! If you caught a lot of buses first you could get a Green Line!"

"Martha, darling," said Susie. "Remember Mrs. Triggs!" and the three of them burst into happy laughter.

"I can't believe this," said Mrs. Forester. "Nothing between the eight-ten and the six-eleven."

"That will do me fine," said John. "I could have breakfast at Victoria, couldn't I!"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Forester, seizing the time-table. "What about Redhill? People are always going from here to Redhill. Then they get out and catch one of the many excellent trains to Victoria. Or, for that matter, London Bridge."

"Redhill!" cried Mrs. Forester. "Everyone knows that every train leaves Redhill one minute *before* every train from here."

"But I could wait for the next," said John eagerly.

"You *could*," said Mrs. Forester. "It's a question of where you'd rather have your breakfast."

"The Potters!" shouted Susie. "He motors up. Hideously early."

"I know," said Mrs. Forester sadly. "I've been thinking of him all along. Didn't you hear about our sort of quarrel?"

"Now here," said Mr. Forester, triumphantly, peering down at his finger-nail, "we have the seven-nine, reaching Redhill at—at seven-thirty-eight. And here"—he turned some pages and scowled at another finger-nail—"here we have—where the devil's it gone?"

"Look, honestly," said John in desperation, "I'll take the six-eleven and walk."

"But it was here," said Mr. Forester angrily. "I saw it."

"I've got an idea," said Mrs. Forester, going over to the telephone.

"Oh, Morton," said Susie. "I never thought of him."

"Ah," said Mr. Forester. "I was just going to say, of course I'll drive you in, John. As if we'd let you walk!"

"It's all right," said Mrs. Forester round the telephone. "This man is a van, you see. He goes by at seven and he'll take you to the Halt——"

"You've reminded me!" cried Susie. "Martha, cancel him! My angelic George with the whiskers who drives the vegetables! Why didn't we think of George?"

"It goes to where, Mr. Morton?" Mrs. Forester was saying. "Redhill?"

"Of course," Susie said to John, "you'll leave at half past five, but he's so angelic it's worth it."

Mr. Forester stood up. "We'll have a drink, and then we'll really start thinking. All this wants is organizing."

ANDE

"A gentleman from the War Damage people to see you, milord."

"Now I'm twenty-one, Father, isn't it time you showed me how to use the drawbridge?"

COPS IN CONCLAVE

An H. J. Dramatic Fragment

COMMISSIONER. What is the next item on the agenda?

COMMITTEE CLERK. Point Nine: Crime Wave.

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER. I suggest we co-opt the Home Secretary. He did very well in the Specials.

COMMISSIONER. An excellent idea. So is mine of appointing a Technical Adviser on Burglary, who would, of course, pursue his profession when not working for us and thus keep up to date. We should have to offer something rather better than the ordinary Police Scales, as we want it to be a post to which the very best men would aspire.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER. The time has come to revolutionize the truncheon. At present it's archaic. We should either invite eminent designers to submit designs or hold an Open Competition.

COMMISSIONER. That means glass and plastics, unless we could persuade them to return to iron. There is a lot to be said for an iron bar, diversified, perhaps, with a little heraldry.

SUPERINTENDENT GREBE. There's a good deal of support in the Force for the two-handed truncheon. It was suggested by some poem by Milton that was set for one of the promotion exams. There seems to be a certain finality about it.

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER. Handcuffs are the real problem. They are getting too dainty. They need undesigning.

COMMISSIONER. The old-fashioned manacles were impressive on the criminal's wrists but cumbersome in the constable's pocket. It was sometimes quite a job to get them out at all, and leg-irons often had to be carried in a valise.

SUPERINTENDENT GREBE. A most useful weapon in the war against crime is being blunted by the growth of welfare work among coppers' narks. Several of them tend to frequent milk bars and public libraries, and their grasp of what goes on suffers badly.

COMMISSIONER. They must be tactfully redebased. What light do statistics throw upon the prevailing incidence of crime?

HEAD STATISTICIAN. So far we have added up only the lower totals. Champerty, barratry and criminal libel remain steady at about last year's figures; but there are some big sums coming up. Our department has some overtime ahead of it, I can see.

COMMISSIONER. I notice that the detection score

between amateurs and professionals is sixty-forty in favour of the amateurs. Gervase Fen has had a very good run lately. We are giving Appleby a Sabbatical year, during which he will, of course, operate as an amateur. Lord Peter Wimsey, that reminds me, seems to be specializing in ecclesiastical crime.

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER. At that week-end school I attended he was holding a seminar on "The Detection of Plagiarism in Modern Theology." The best thing in the course was the guest lecturer, Marlowe, on "The Use of Alcohol in First Aid."

SUPERINTENDENT GREBE. I feel we should do more with helicopters. It gives the public confidence to feel we are using all the resources of modern science, and also there is something soothing about static aeronautics. Couldn't we hover over blocks of flats and shine lights in the eyes of cat-burglars as they came up?

COMMISSIONER. Helicopters are certainly easier to work with than rockets. The Experimental Flying Squad has caused a lot of bad feeling by appearing in the area of other Forces. The trouble is that so much modern science is more suitable for crime than prevention. The last really good thing that came out of it was ultra-violet light: juries love it.

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER. I think that the public demand for science must be acceded to. The citizen pays for the Police Force, and may legitimately expect pleasure as well as profit from its operations. One could wish that his interest in it were less passive.

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER. Let us issue a brochure pointing out to the public in a lively and informative style that it is a duty to assist the Force in its labours. We might have a constable on the cover kneeling in supplication and saying: "Won't you give us a hand, chum?"

COMMISSIONER. One aspect of the Crime Wave which this somewhat loosely regulated discussion has omitted from its purview is disguise. The plain clothes adopted by our detective officers, while admirable for protective colouration, have little preventive value. A mackintosh seen in Hatton Garden would deter only the most timorous raider, while blue glasses, a black beard and a plaid would give even a hardened gangster pause.

SUPERINTENDENT GREBE. So, if I may say so, would helicopters, lurking just above roof level and using inverted periscopes to look inside suspicious cars.

COMMISSIONER. I am afraid I must bring this fruitful exchange of views to a close. No doubt it will bear marked results in no distant future. What is next upon the agenda?

COMMITTEE CLERK. Should mounted policewomen ride side-saddle?

FINIS

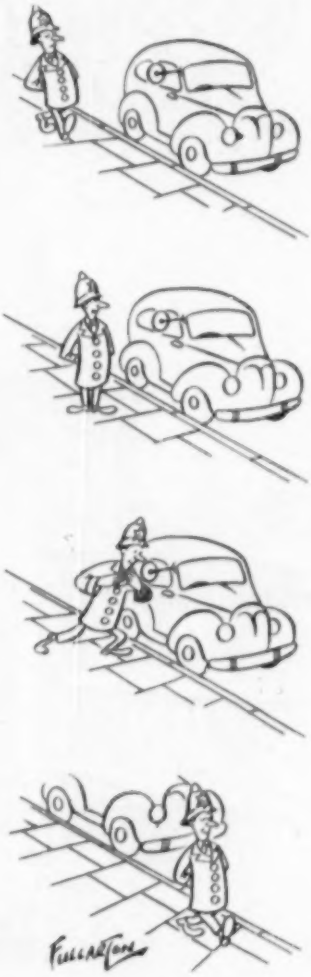
R. G. G. PRICE

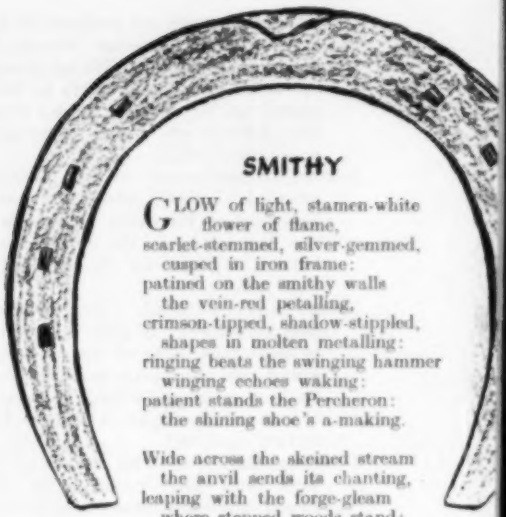
BACK-ROOM JOYS

Mending Fuses

WHEN the lights go on after we've mended a fuse
Don't we feel a sort of magnification of the thews!
We are an expert who has been consulted,
Who has prescribed and something has resulted.
We have exercised our excellent mystery
And as we have said it should be, so we have made it be.
We have been brave, dealing with occult forces.
We have been scientific, tracing things to their sources.
We are rewarded also with admiring eyes,
Showing, as do our own, no small surprise.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON





SMITHY

GLOW of light, stamen-white
flower of flame,
scarlet-stemmed, silver-gemmed,
cusped in iron frame:
patined on the smithy walls
the vein-red petalling,
crimson-tipped, shadow-stippled,
shapes in molten metalling:
ringing beats the swinging hammer
winging echoes waking:
patient stands the Percheron:
the shining shoe 's a-making.

Wide across the skeined stream
the anvil sends its chanting,
leaping with the forge-gleam
where stepped woods stand:
stays the startled heron
on spanned plumes slanting:
hollowly the eve-fall holds
the flame's bright brand.

Caverned craft and mined yield
of Colchis' secret shore;
hearths of Vulcan; hammer-wield
where Nibelungs lurk;

troll-won master-mystery,
  earth-deep lore
sword-sworn, fashioned here
  to nobler work:

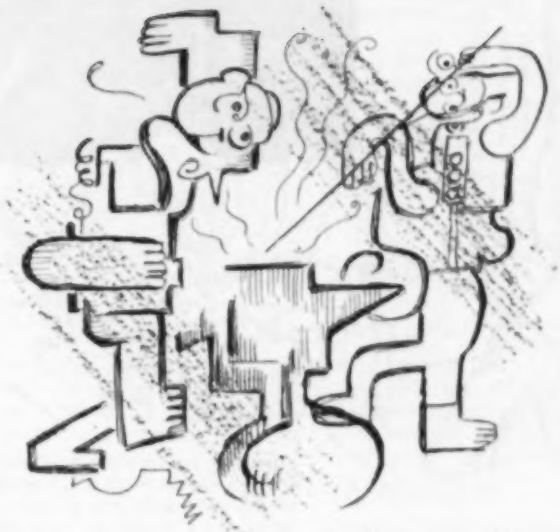
art of ancient armouries,
  skill that came of Cain,
bent to Abel's husbandries
  that die yet live again.

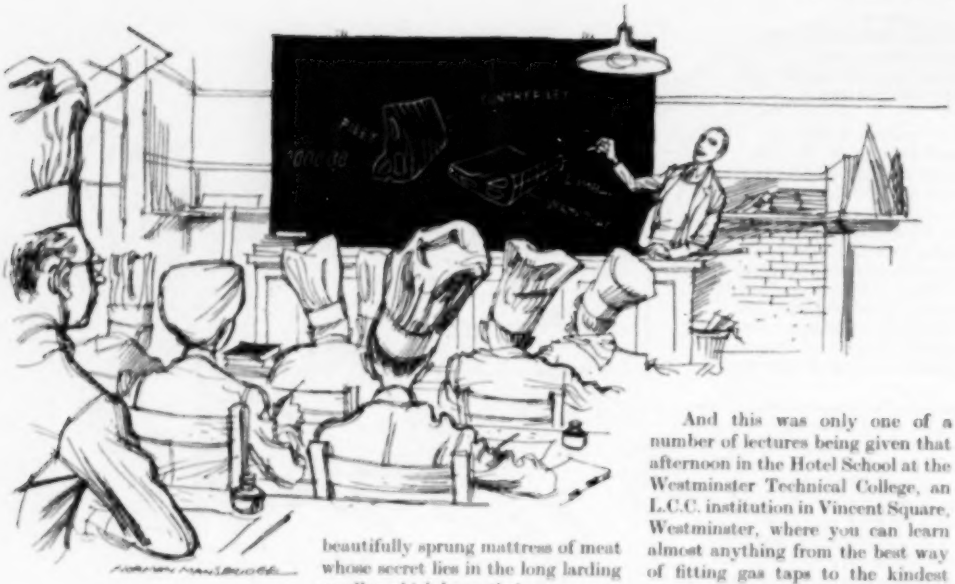
Iron from the dark north;
  Sard and Dardanian
long-sword; foray-forth
  of Vandal spears;
scimitar of Saracen,
  Frankish falchion;
lunge of lances
  through the green corn-ears:

white rose of furnace-fire
  burnt on barren sky;
thundered flame and high pyre
  of citied pride;
steel-bright wide wings
  that star-ways try;
dragon seed of iron keels
  that seared earth stride:
fierce war-foisoning,
  weld of ore and flame,
caverned craft the peasant's hand
  to ways of peace would tame.

Loriner, farrier,
  he forges in furnace
shoe, nail, martingale,
  links of humble harness:
close to the hill's heart
  is held his hammer's ringing,
sweet as in the stubbled corn
  the scythe-steel's singing:
wisdom here is mightier made
  and freed from fall,
servant to a beast that stands
  meek in stall.

ALUN LLEWELLYN





SIRLOIN ON THE BLACKBOARD

Hotel School,
Westminster Technical College

IT was called a Butchery class, but a title so gross conveys no idea of the delicacy and reverence with which it was conducted. Some grave aspect of the calculus might have been at issue, only the students were leaning forward too raptly; or we might have been at the Royal College of Surgeons listening to a wonderful new way of unravelling the human inside, only the coloured drawing on the blackboard was unmistakably of a sirloin of beef, and the students wore white chefs' hats and tunics and the kind of blue checked trousers that used to give stage Frenchmen their peculiar nether gaiety.

The lecturer spoke of beef as I have heard other men speak from a dais of the "Ode to a Nightingale." His words stirred one's appetite profoundly. He made one long to put a little mustard, and perhaps a little horse-radish, on the blackboard and eat it. Having shown us how to bone the sirloin, he went on to describe the preparation of a *contrefilet de bœuf piqué*, that beautifully sprung mattress of meat whose secret lies in the long larding needles which leave their wormcasts of bacon-fat behind as they are drawn slowly through it. When at length he arrived at the fillet, and assured us that of all corners of an animal it was the most tender, I half expected we would stand up in salute to such sublimity. It was a fascinating lecture, but what made it even more interesting was the discovery that young chefs, who now rarely see more than a few ounces of meat at a time, have to learn about it in so abstract a manner. Before the war, the lecturer told me, he would have had half a carcase on the table. This is only one of the many difficulties of teaching cooking in a rationed country.

And this was only one of a number of lectures being given that afternoon in the Hotel School at the Westminster Technical College, an L.C.C. institution in Vincent Square, Westminster, where you can learn almost anything from the best way of fitting gas taps to the kindest way to operate a violin. This Hotel School is the oldest and largest of its kind in the country. It has three main full-time courses, each lasting two years: Cookery, Hotel Operation and Restaurant Operation. The Cookery course started in 1910, the other two in 1946; you can enter for Cookery at fifteen, for the others at seventeen. London residents are free up to eighteen, and by a reciprocal agreement so are residents in the Home Counties; after eighteen these all pay twenty pounds a year for Cookery and thirty guineas for the Hotel Operation course. Students with no residential qualification pay a hundred pounds. All the courses are for both sexes. At the moment girls form about a fifth of the Cookery course and about half of the others.

The kitchens, running chiefly on gas (electric ranges coming soon), are large and well arranged. The first thing that struck me about them was the discipline. A boy absent-mindedly carried a roll of bread in his fingers from one table to another, and I imagine he will not do so again. Like all good kitchens it had a theatrical attraction. Metal gleamed, and white figures, each girdled bandit-wise with a great sheaf of knives, bent with urgent expectancy over copper pots that steamed and sizzled. Lunch was in process of being served, the curtain was up, the big act was on. At the long hot-tables works of art were passing rapidly before the doubting eye of the head of the department. The Chief Instructor was putting steaks on to a grill whose blast took me back to the engine-room of the *Queen Mary*.

If you are cooking splendid dishes you must have somebody critical to eat them, and if you are teaching waiters to be deft and cat-footed you must have somebody for them to wait on, so the College runs a public restaurant where for about three shillings an excellent lunch is on tap, in peace and comfort. The girl in the bar by the door was doing her turn among the bottles. A fortnight earlier she had been waiting, a fortnight later she would probably be acting as cashier. One term in three each student on the Hotel side goes out for practical training. The boy who served us nimbly with *hors d'œuvres* had already done three months in a big London hotel and a similar period in Edinburgh.

These *hors d'œuvres* were delicious, but it was as a piece of still life that they threw Mr. Punch's Artist into raptures. The minute posy of cauliflowers was dusted with paprika, the anchovies wore neatly adjusted belts of pickled cabbage, the Russian salad was the cargo overflowing from the hold of a landing-barge cut by hand from a potato. We talked very little over our *carbonnade de bœuf à la flamande*, but "Done in wine," mumbled Mr. P.'s A. and "Done in cider," said I. Naturally, we were both wrong. The first class I visited in the afternoon was focused on this very concoction. It isn't often one has the double treat of being given an exciting dish and then of listening to a master chef taking it to pieces. Done in beer was the answer.

When we are happy in a restaurant or hotel we forget the degree of skill and planning, and the knowledge of human nature, on which all our pleasure rests. That we should thus forget is a proof of how well we are being handled. Good *hôteliers*—and these courses aim at producing the best, though even the prize students must still gain experience the hard way—are, above all, psychologists, and after that are widely educated. Among the classes in the School are French; dietetics; the geography, transport and storage of food; hygiene; hotel engineering ("Number Seven's bath won't run away!"); book-keeping; stock-taking. Even on the Hotel side all the students learn to cook. But for the things that make the difference between a passable hotel and one you will eagerly return to, there are no very satisfactory names. They are intangibles, wrapped up in personality and love of the work, but I felt that they also were being taught here. Everywhere in the School the students' manners were notably good. When I spoke to the Head of Hotel Operations about wine, wondering if anything was being done to remedy the lamentable number of wine-waiters in this country whose world is bound by warm Barsac, I was delighted to hear of enthusiastic coaching. There are regular lectures, tasting visits to importers from particular regions, and at Whitsun he is taking a party of forty students to sip their way thoughtfully through the valleys of the Rhine and Moselle.

It is high time we rid ourselves of the defeatist notion that a man is no good in an hotel unless he has a broken accent, just as at last, thank heaven, we have torn free from the vulgar pretence of the Victorians (who ate three times as much as we do) that discussion of food was somehow indecorous. We can still learn gratefully from the French, but we can also learn quickly. The influence of this School in the drive to make our hotels more habitable is more and more being felt.

I nearly forgot to say that humbler dabblers are welcome. If your *soufflés* refuse to rise or your family begins to weary you can take a short refresher course at the School in the afternoons or evenings. In the end we all grow tired of cottage pie.

ERIC KEOWN

CRICKET: NO PLAY ON THE HEARTH

SOME observers, though perhaps not the most deeply informed, attribute the changing habits of nature to the atomic bomb. To its influence they ascribe the torrid dryness of our summers, the warmth of autumn and the mildness of winter.

There is less hail than there used to be, magpies are commoner and there is not so much cheese. If musk had not lost its smell a good many years ago it would almost certainly have done so by now.

I should like to know if this atom-conscious school adduces the after-effects of nuclear fission as a cause of the disappearance of crickets. For where are the crickets of yesteryear, those jolly little fellows that used to chirp so agreeably about the place? There may still be some of the outdoor sort, though even they seem rare, but what I am thinking of particularly is the indoor chap, the *Gryllus domesticus*, or cricket on the hearth.

Doubtless he still sings somewhere, but I do not hear him any more, and I should like to. Warm corners were what he used to affect, and it does not appear that such have yet vanished entirely from our houses. A couple of hundred years ago—which I admit is a long time in the life of a cricket—the gentle and immortal White, writing at Selborne, which is less than a dozen miles from where I sit, seems to have had them in swarms.

He observes that they are chirpy enough at any time, "*yet is their natural time of motion only in the night. As soon as it becomes dusk, they come running forth, and are from the size of a flea to that of their full stature.*" The picture is somehow that of a miniature football crowd swarming out of the ground at the end of play and hurrying off in all directions.

But chiefly to the pub.

"*As one should suppose, from the burning atmosphere which they inhabit, they are a thirsty race, and show a great propensity for liquids. . . . Whatever is moist they affect; and therefore often gnaw holes in wet woollen stockings and aprons that are hung to the fire.*"

Dipsomania carried to so deplorable an extreme has within it the seeds of its own destruction, for "*crickets may be destroyed, like wasps, by phials half filled with beer . . . for, being always eager to drink, they will crowd in till the bottles are full.*"

This is just the sort of improving tale that might well have been told to me if I had been discovered drinking a morning measure of the gardener's home-brewed cider at the age of six.

That the Rev. Gilbert, who found the shrilling of the cricket, though "sharp and stridulous," marvellously delightful to the ear, should have wished to drown him in butts of Malmsey causes no surprise when one learns that sometimes they increased to a great degree, when "*they become noisome pests, flying into the candles and dashing into people's faces.*" Indeed to his friends and neighbours such mild measures were no doubt a source of considerable relief, for he had another method of dealing with the pests, in which they "*may be destroyed and blasted by gunpowder discharged into their crevices and crannies.*"

Interesting.

In the face of assault by powerful explosive it is perhaps not surprising that the loud and merry crickets should have a system for their own protection, and it may be that here we shall find a clue to their present whereabouts.

"*When house crickets are out,*" says Mr. White, "*and running about in a room in the night, if surprised by a candle, they give two or three shrill notes, as if it were a signal to their fellows, that they may escape to their crannies and lurking holes, to escape danger.*"

Can it be that from their congeners, the cicalas of the Pacific, they have received word, carried perhaps by a courier in a copra ship, of a new and frightful gunpowder and are even now sitting in silence in their crannies and peering fearfully from their lurking holes?

SURPRISE, SURPRISE

MY mother wrote and asked if my father had said anything in his letters about her birthday. I told her he hadn't.

She said it wasn't that he forgot, bless him, but he did have such extraordinary ideas. Last year he bought her a blouse, and of course she had had to wear it. This year she had decided to do something. So she said to my father what a lot of money people waste nowadays, don't they? And my father said yes. My mother said on wedding and birthday presents, for instance. My father said yes. My mother said it is such a waste of money to buy things that people don't want, isn't it? And my father said yes. So my mother went out to get the supper.

I had another letter two days later. My mother had said to my father doesn't Mrs. Plant next door look terrible in that necklace her husband gave her? My father said what necklace? My mother said the green one. My father said oh. My mother said yes, it does seem such a pity when it must have cost such a lot. And my father said yes. My mother said that is what I meant about a waste of money. And my father said yes, of course. My mother said it would have been much better if he had bought something she really wanted, wouldn't it? And my father said yes, it would. So my mother began to clear away the breakfast things.

Then she wrote again. She had told my father that people owed a duty to the country not to waste money. My father said what on earth are you talking about? So my mother said don't you ever read the papers? My father said yes, but what on earth are you talking about? If you mean the patent garden - shears - screwdriver - tin - opener I have written up for it is just like a woman. My mother said I didn't mean that at all. I know you have to write up for things and I'm glad you do that and not other things. What I meant was Christmas presents and so on. My father said why are you talking about Christmas? My mother said I'm not talking about Christmas. My father said yes you are. So my mother went out and peeled the potatoes and cut herself.

Then my mother woke up in the middle of the night and said to my father are you awake? And he said no. So she said what would you like for your birthday? And he said go to sleep. So she said no, really, I insist on getting you something. So he said what on earth do you mean my birthday isn't for six months yet. My mother said she knew that but she thought it was an awfully good idea to ask people what they wanted in plenty of time so you could get something they really wanted. So my father said he didn't want anything. My mother said don't be silly you must want something. My father said all right then I want a new car, ha ha. My mother said I don't think that's funny. My father said I don't either.

That was three days ago. It was my mother's birthday yesterday and I had a letter from her this morning. My father had said he remembered how she had admired Mrs. Plant's green necklace. He had given her one just like it.

BRIGHT AND EARLY

IF there's any one thing I really like,
  That sets me up for the day,
It is to wake at half past six
  And hear the trombones play,
To hear the cornets quaver and wail
  And the brash brass trumpets bray.

Benny Benito's Rumba Boys
  With their Latin languor and grace
And Slim O'Sullivan's Superbet Six
  Are equally out of place:
Give me the Pwlhawl Pit Prize Band
  With an English day to face.

Slippered and gowned and perishing cold
  And wanting my morning tea,
I like their pawky and pompous zest
  And the stuff they play for me:
"Poet and Peasant" and bits of Brahms,
  "España" and "Rose of Tralee."

Benny and Slim, you can bet your life,
  Have been doing their stuff all night.
They may be early at half past six,
  But I cannot believe them bright;
I cannot believe their collars and chins
  Will stand the morning light.

But the Pwlhawl boys have had ten hours' sleep
  And are ready to face the day;
They are proud and zealous and full of skill,
  And love the stuff they play.
Their warmth and their freshness touch the heart
  In an inexcusable way.

And when we go on to the weather and news
  And the day's long battle of wits,
Slim and Benny may slouch to bed
  In their garrets around the Ritz;
But the boys are off to bacon and tea
  And a good day's work at the pits.

"One of the cardinal rules of smash and grab is: pinch a vehicle that'll keep the hue and cry at a distance . . ."

AT THE PLAY

Mr. Gillie (GARRICK)—*Knights of Madness* (VICTORIA PALACE)

THE hero—if we can call him so—of Mr. BRIDIE's new comedy has been luckless from birth. He was christened *Willie*, and to limp through life haunted by the maddening jingle of *Willie Gillie* must be sorrow enough for anyone. As a schoolmaster in a Lowland Scottish village (name of Crult) he has been sadly unsuccessful—that is as his local education committee judges success. He is in the "remainder" class of occasional novelists. Yet somehow it is hard to think of him as an unhappy man.

Maybe I should speak of him in the past tense. BRIDIE has all Ben Jonson's love of prefaces, interludes and epilogues. Here a curious prologue lets us know that *Gillie* was run over by a pantechnicon not long after the play's end. It seems an appropriate fate for the poor fellow. Now, if we are to believe the prologue's shadowy judge and procurator, Gillie of Crult is established among the Immortals between Abraham Lincoln and John Wesley.

The Judge and Procurator are set in high-placed puppet-show boxes, one on each side of the Garrick stage. Mr. ALASTAIR SIM, who has produced unobtrusively, might have another look at these boxes and observe that from certain seats on the audience's left of the Garrick stalls the Judge is invisible, merely a wandering voice. Still, the play proper is always in view. Never first-class Bridie, it is an amiable character-flash, a little tale acted to admiration but with hardly substance enough for a full evening.

Clearly, the dramatist is in love with his dominie. For some reason the man has never backed a winner. Although he has had many hopes his pupils have always failed him. In the comedy a pit-boy with a fine brain, and a doctor's daughter who should have been a violinist, go married to London, and return to Crult as a horrible picture of Spiv with Wife. The boy, we gather, is a film critic—ah, well! it might have been worse—and he has other activities on the side. The girl, too, has begun to take all the wrong turnings. Just at this time *Gillie's* job and his home vanish simultaneously, and we leave him with only his loyal wife and the thought that he has been, at least, an opener of cages; that he has given to a number of his pupils a chance to feel their wings before the cat's triumphant dive. Mr. GEORGE COLE and Miss JANET BROWN present the cat's victims good-humouredly, and Mr. RONALD ADAM polishes off that "humane killer," the minister whose laugh has all the rich fun of midnight in a charnel-house. Miss MEGS JENKINS keeps *Mrs. Gillie* simple and lovable. As her husband Mr. ALASTAIR SIM strives with his gentle art to stretch out the play; certainly it is worth a lot to see and to hear him as he observes that the doctor's dying breath, well-liquored, would be "a most aromatic and satisfying exhalation."

(*Mr. Gillie*

Frustrated

Mr. Gillie—MR. ALASTAIR SIM

(*Knights of Madness*

Knight and Lady

MISS LINDA LEE MR. BUD FLANAGAN

Out at the Victoria Palace there is as much action off the stage as upon it. The aisle is full of noises. Many things in the revue are loud and broad and slap-bang, and some of us are secretly glad to return to the relative peace and sobriety of Victoria Street. Even so, determined gusto can exhilarate now and then—hear Mr. BUD FLANAGAN in song—and we realize that, given normal luck, the Crazy Gang will be just as crazy in 1951.

J. C. TREWIN

Recommended

HOME AT SEVEN—*Wyndham's*—Sir Ralph Richardson as Everyman in a tight corner.

*TREASURE HUNT—*Apollo*—Dame Sybil Thorndike is endearing in an Irish farce.

(*Suitable for young people)

IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

Monday, March 20th

House of Commons: Mr. Strachey in the Limelight

New Members attended in force to-day—possibly misled, as so many have been before them, by the apparent unprovoked aggression indicated by the business. It was "to move Mr. Speaker out of the Chair on the Army Estimates."

But they were relieved to find that this meant no more than the observance of the time-honoured rule that grievances must be listened to (and, occasionally, even redressed) before Supply is granted—in other words, no redress (in theory) of grievances no (theoretical) money. And as the money cannot be granted until Mr. Speaker *is* out of the Chair the whole mystery is explained.

Mr. JOHN STRACHEY, the new War Minister, showed an astonishing grasp of his Department's affairs when he presented the estimates. He dwelt first on the difficulties of building up a Regular Army in present conditions, and then on the possible troubles of the Territorial Army when, in July, it begins its new rôle as part-time force for the National Service men.

Any number of bright ideas emerged in the debate—ranging from the setting up of a Foreign Legion to the provision of better housing and pay.

Strained looks became fewer and fewer as Member after Member delivered his maiden speech. Mr. IAN HARVEY, himself a high-ranking Territorial Army officer, made one of the most effective and well-informed of these. He was followed soon afterwards by Brigadier TERENCE CLARKE, in a bright and breezy maiden effort which was heard with pleasure by a full House.

Before the Army debate began Mr. STRACHEY had been in another sort of limelight. Mr. MAURICE WEBB, the Food Minister, was asked what action his Department had taken to stop the publication of a book criticizing the groundnut scheme. He replied, none. Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER pursued the matter, suggesting that Mr. STRACHEY, when Food Minister, *had* taken some action. Mr. WEBB was non-committal about this, saying there was nothing in his Department's files to confirm the statement, and adding that Mr. S. "might have acted personally."

Mr. OLIVER STANLEY asked whether it was *possible* for a Minister to act in a personal capacity in relation to the affairs of his Department and, after a few crisp exchanges, suggested that the Prime Minister should look into the matter. Mr. ATTLEE at once rose and said (his voice grim) that he would *certainly* ask Mr. STRACHEY about it.

Impressions of Parliamentarians

Lord Jowitt
(Lord Chancellor)

A moment later Mr. S. entered, and the Prime Minister instantly descended on him and appeared to be conducting his inquiry on the spot.

Tuesday, March 21st

House of Lords: Crime and Punishment
House of Commons: On the Air

Their Lordships' House was crowded for a full-dress debate on the increase in violent crime and the need to deal judicially with it. Lord LLOYD, an attractive speaker with a dramatically earnest delivery, raised the matter, and demanded "papers"—which meant that he wanted a statement from the Government. He stressed the misery and suffering violent crime often meant to its victims, and wanted something done about it.

Lord JOWITT, the Lord Chancellor, replied to the effect that all this was true, but that flogging (advocated by some as a cure) was not the way to lessen violence and would not be reintroduced. Longer prison sentences were a more likely cure, and they were being tried.

This statement did not end the debate, but rather intensified the demands that corporal punishment should again be the penalty for personal violence as an aid to robbery. The debate is to be continued later.

Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON, the Air Minister, was telling the Commons about the plans of the Royal Air Force—and asking for the money to pay for them. It was a long speech, but the best tribute to it was that it kept its audience to the end. Apparently the R.A.F. is well up to its task—and can even defeat economy and manpower shortages. Which pleased the House mightily.

Just before the debate began Mr. STRACHEY, in a personal statement, denied that he had, either as a Minister or as a private person, tried to prevent the publication of the book about groundnuts.

Mr. OLIVER STANLEY, from the Opposition front bench, pointed out that a personal statement cannot be questioned, and gave notice that the subject would be raised in another form—later.

Wednesday, March 22nd

House of Commons: Naval Review

It has become the invariable custom with Ministers to preface replies to all criticisms of the nationalized industries with the words: "We found the industry in such a shocking state when we took it over that . . ." and so on. This always produces an appreciative cheer from the Government benches.

To-day Mr. OLIVER STANLEY (newly back from an illness) scored subtly off those who have used this device. Mr. NESS EDWARDS, the new Postmaster-General, was

defending himself from a charge that he had failed to provide telephone kiosks in various country places. He said (to loud laughter) that the lack had "gone on for generations." Mr. STANLEY rose, all innocent, and apologized humbly, for and on behalf of the Tory Party, for not having built plentiful telephone kiosks 'way back in the nineteenth century, before telephones were invented.

The debate was on the Royal Navy, and Mr. LEONARD CALLAGHAN, new spokesman of the Admiralty in the House, performed the remarkable feat of reeling off long lists of statistics and other facts without the aid of notes. And he did it all with a cheery and easy manner which brought home to his listeners how wasted he had been in the silent obscurity of the Ministry of Transport. He got a roar of cheers when he said the Admiralty was concentrating on meeting the threat of underwater attack. His general conclusion was that the Navy of to-day's all right.

The debate had that well-informed, speaking-from-experience atmosphere which all debates on the Services—and particularly the Senior Service—seem to possess. And, once more, Mr. Speaker was moved out of the Chair.

In the Lords Lord LAWSON of Beamish, pit-boy who became Secretary of State for War, took his seat, escorted by robed and ermined fellow-Barons. The Commons will miss "JACK" LAWSON.

Thursday, March 23rd

House of Commons: A Few Words

Mr. CHURCHILL walked jauntily into the Commons and sat beaming across the Table at Mr. MORRISON, who seemed too preoccupied to beam back. But when the end of Questions came Mr. MORRISON went into action. It was not very exciting action—merely the announcement of next week's business—but with Mr. C. present that can become a thrill.

Before long, Mr. C. was telling Mr. M. not to be impertinent and Mr. M. was retorting "Don't *you* talk!" But the whole thing was in the greatest possible good humour, and none laughed louder than the two main contestants when these little pleasantries were uttered.

THE SCULPTURED MOMENT

WHAT is Mr. Epstein aiming at in his new carving "Lazarus" now on view at the Leicester Galleries?

He has set himself to interpret a great theme taken from the New Testament. Lazarus of Bethany has lain in the tomb for four days: the sculptor has chosen the moment when "he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin." In that single swathed figure he tries to convey the miraculous return from death to life.

It is a difficult problem for a sculptor, because it is a moment in, or the climax of, a series of events about which the figure in itself can give no information. The Gospel of St. John can tell us everything by the written word. The painter, more limited than the writer, is still able to tell us much. Thus Rembrandt sets the scene in the cave: represents its drama by the astonished gestures of the group round the tomb in which Lazarus is half raised: and suggests its supernatural character by a flood of light in the darkness. It might be possible to use some of these devices in a sculptured relief, but they are too pictorial for monumental sculpture. The question there is how to interpret the intense moment from within, and without losing the self-contained character which the single block of stone should preserve.

By facial expression, would you say? No, this would be to impose too great a burden of psychology on the medium. The ancient sculptors avoided it even in representing the moment of agony of the famous Laocoön. So does Mr. Epstein. The blunt features of his Lazarus are not conspicuously emotional. His solution to the problem is contained in a contrast between stillness and movement, between the rigid lines of the body and an abrupt sidelong twist of the head. Gradually you become aware of the outlines of arms and fingers, pressed to the sides and beginning to strain against the tapes which bind them. Here the artist shows great skill and is very successful. The tapes, too, are wreathed round the body in a fine and solemnly decorative way. The twist of the head is exaggerated, but its movement is the essence of the contrast with the mummified rest of the form.

Yet the artist does not entirely succeed. Considered simply as a shape the "Lazarus" disappoints the eye by a lack of the variety and unifying rhythm which Mr. Epstein achieves with such mastery in his portrait busts. These, in the present exhibition, from some quite wonderful child heads to the grand Vaughan Williams, emphasize the split in his artistic personality (or between his method of modelling as opposed to carving—in which he is less at ease and more ambitious). It would have been interesting to see how "Lazarus" turned out if modelled freely in clay instead of being chiselled in Hopton Wood stone.

W. GAUNT

BOOKING OFFICE

The Tortured Puritan

THE reputation of D. H. Lawrence has suffered as much from the reverent bleatings of the woollier disciples, who accepted him at his own valuation as a messiah, as from the crusaders who could see only pornography in the work of a poet. In himself he was so maddening and yet so likeable that he provides a most difficult subject for balanced biography, but Mr. Richard Aldington's *Portrait of a Genius, But . . .* is a commendably fair piece of work that deals with Lawrence's tortuous inconsistencies with humour and sympathy and cuts through the mystic nonsense, the sermonizing and the crazy egoism to the simple goodness and greatness that lay within. Mr. Aldington knew Lawrence too well to be taken in by angry pretensions of divinity. It is an honest portrait, and its criticism of Lawrence's writing is just and revealing. For his superb power of describing the heightened emotions of an artist there is the rich praise it merits, and for the phallic blether of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" there is—after a reasonable guess at what Lawrence in all sincerity was after—the admission: "Impossible to deny that it all inhabits that short step between the sublime and the ridiculous." It does, indeed.

To Lawrence's obsession with his dominating mother we at least owe his finest novel, "Sons and Lovers," but the grim scenes in the Nottinghamshire cottage were a poor start for a sensitive and delicate boy. It is easy to share Mr. Aldington's feeling that Lawrence *père* had a raw deal and was driven to be drunker and rougher by the nagging of his wife. That the surly miner was also a man of independent judgment is shown by his delightful comment on his son's first novel: "And what did they gi'e thee for that, lad?" "Fifty pounds, father." "Fifty pounds! An' tha's never done a day's work in thy life!"

It was characteristic of Lawrence that he continued to exalt the sanctity of marriage after he had run away with a married woman, and by doing so had deprived her of her three children, of whom he remained bitterly jealous. No odder union could well be imagined, the miner's son and the German aristocrat, but Mr. Aldington insists that, in spite of the appalling rows that blazed out of Lawrence's lordly demands for submission and out of his wife's sturdy refusal to be meek, it was essentially a happy one. Away from her Lawrence was certainly miserable. The story of their struggle against the persecution which Lawrence—"a porcupine of prejudices"—went out of his way to seek would be comic if it were not so tragic. During the first war (when Lawrence, vying with Sir George Sitwell's classic letter to his son, wrote to Aldington, then returning to the front, that it was "harder to bear the pressure of the vacuum over here than the stress of congestion over there"!) the Lawrences were suspected of being spies; and to this was added the long hounding of Lawrence as writer and artist that culminated in the Home Secretary's panic swoop on his paintings, when Blake's name was wisely withdrawn from the subsequent charge after the authorities had somehow learned that he was dead.

To remain a friend of Lawrence called for the utmost patience. As his fatal illness grew worse he switched capriciously from ecstatic blood-brotherhood to biting satire (which equally he could turn on himself), but those few friends who weathered his peculiar storms knew him as a truly rare spirit and loved him for his childlike pleasure in life. Whenever he settled in a new place—he was a restless traveller—he planned afresh the colony which fortunately never took shape, of chosen souls who would live cheaply and work beautifully under his supreme command. Mr. Aldington emphasizes the similarity between Lawrence and Ruskin, and this is particularly true of Lawrence's horror of the poisons of industrialism. When he wrote to Edward Garnett "Primarily I am a passionately religious man, and my novels must be written from the depth of my religious experience" he was perfectly right. It was not everybody's religion, it was not always Christian, but it deserved respect.

ERIC KROWS

. . . And Like Another Helen

If you can forgive Miss Elizabeth Kyle for reincarnating Mary Stuart as a commoner in the mid-nineteenth-century; betraying her with a reissue of the by now thoroughly discredited Casket Letters; and leaving her complicity in a double of the Kirk-o'-Field murder a toss-up, you will enjoy *Douce*—which is a *tour de force*. Yet it takes a Marian addict to relish the

"Then I found out he had this awful craze for stuffing things."

bizarre ingenuities of this clever novel, which not only revives Mary herself but the Dauphin, Darnley, Bothwell, Rizzio, the Lords of the Congregation, Knox and Mary Carmichael—who tells the story. Mary's is a capital story, and in some ways as universal as Helen of Troy's. Yet one would have said that its rallying-points were its Catholicism and its faith in the divine right of kings; and although Douce has kept the first she has necessarily forfeited the second. The headship of a Glasgow business house with French affinities is a poor substitute for the crowns of France and Scotland.

H. P. E.

A Modern Eccentric

Mr. Julian Symons' life of his brother, *A. J. A. Symons*, shows the family talent for biography. It is very well done indeed, and, despite its ruthless descriptions of his weaknesses, does succeed in giving an attractive account of one of the greatest of modern eccentrics. He was an extraordinary mixture of crook, social climber, talker, *bon vieur*, scholar and artist. When his letters are collected they should strengthen his literary reputation, which now depends mainly on "The Quest for Corvo." The work he did for English book production through the "First Edition Club" and for English gastronomy through the "Wine and Food Society" steadily gain in retrospective importance. The story of his schemes to raise money is entertaining and the description of his courage in the face of slow death is moving. Mr. Symons unobtrusively uses the strange course of his brother's life to criticize a society in which his successes and failures were possible. This book holds a great variety of interest.

R. G. G. P.

The Happy Mummer

"In this land of short memories," wrote a correspondent from America between the wars, "I find two names remembered by everybody—George Washington and Joe Jefferson." There was something better than exaggeration in the tribute. Joe Jefferson (2nd) was one of nature's favourites. Unassuming, never pompous, incapable of meanness, generous in judgment, open-handed yet prudent, he worked at and knew his job and could talk good sense about it; he won to success by the hard way—barnstorming in real draughty barns by candle light, touring in the acute discomfort imposed by a vast country not yet out of the pioneer phase, bilked by crook managers and often hard put to it for the price of a meal. This re-issue of his autobiography, *Rip Van Winkle*, is to be warmly welcomed not only by lovers of the theatre but by all who like to see virtue and talent, character and kindliness amply rewarded. Over here his English colleagues warmed to him and his landlords exploited him which he rightly resented. A success story in the very best sense.

J. P. T.

The Lost Opportunity

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's latest novel, *The Treasures of the Snow*, might have been tremendously amusing. Consider the possibilities—a very respectable widower farmer finds himself attracted by the refined wife of a coarse brother farmer. The husband goes north. During his absence there is a heavy snowstorm, his wife sprains her ankle and is carried to his home by the first farmer. There, for four days they are snowbound. He looks after her with chivalry, and she tries to teach him to cook for her the food to which she seems accustomed—omelettes and cheese fondue. Nothing could be more perfect than his behaviour or more maddeningly mincing than hers. True, towards the end of the story (after the indignant husband's return) his love ebbs, but not nearly fast enough. He reverts to the warmth and kindliness of a woman who can cook, and we are left hoping that he will live more or less happily ever after. Of course the book is ably written and the characters are well drawn, but the author has made a county drama out of what might have been light and enchantingly ironic comedy.

D. E. B.

Books Reviewed Above

Portrait of a Genius, But . . . Richard Aldington. (Heinemann, 15/-).

Douce. Elizabeth Kyle. (Peter Davies, 9/6).

A. J. A. Symons. Julian Symons. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 15/-).

Rip Van Winkle. Joe Jefferson. (Reinhardt and Evans, 18/-).

The Treasures of the Snow. Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Cassell, 8/6).

Other Recommended Books

Ill Met By Moonlight. W. Stanley Moss. (Harrap, 10/6) The kidnapping of the German Divisional Commander in Crete in 1944, as recorded in fashionably casual style by one of the British officers who did it. Unusually interesting photographs.

Abide With Me. Cedric Belfrage. (Secker and Warburg, 10/6) Satirical novel about the rise of the morticians' industry in the U.S. Inevitably reminiscent of Evelyn Waugh's "The Loved One," but far more acid, angry and factual.

NO SLEEP TILL MORN

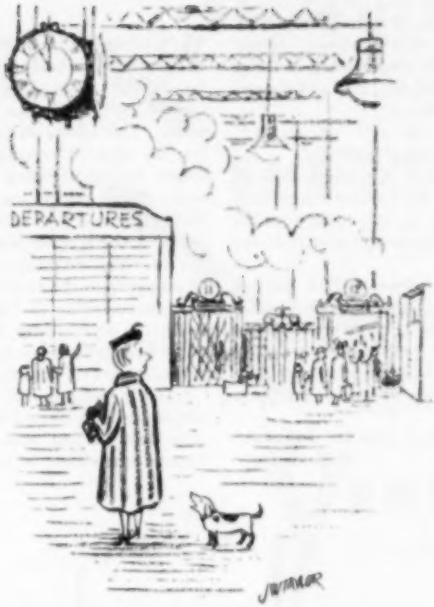
"IF I had no duties, and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman. Pali, thy people call thee!"

It was the last sentence that startled me into wakefulness. (I use Dr. Johnson as a mild soporific: I am sorry, but there it is.) I will not pretend that I saw the words in black and white, but so vividly did they present themselves to my mind that I might just as well have done so. Who was this Pali? I thought at first that he might be one of Johnson's more obscure acquaintances, or that perhaps he was a mental echo of General Paoli, but all such ideas were swept away and, indeed, any thought that Pali had the remotest connection with Dr. Johnson, when I was seized with the conviction that he had come to his end by being dashed violently to the earth by a tyrannosaurus.

It was clear to me that I had no hope of sleep until I had made some attempt at least to resurrect Pali more completely. I doubled my pillow behind me and lay back comfortably. After some thought a few facts began to emerge. Pali was black and of immense breadth. He wore leopard skins. There were only two other items, and they appeared contradictory: first, Pali was passionately devoted to a bearded white man named Costello, and second, he contrived to have Costello chased round a species of amphitheatre by—I think—a megatherium. Further than this I could not go, though I found that I associated Pali in some curious fashion with a Christmas tree.

I took up my book once more. "But she should be one who could understand me, and would add something to the conversation. McAndrew led the next assault in person."

I lit a cigarette and resumed my mental dredging. McAndrew, I thought, was a lawyer—a tall man and cadaverous. He had led the assault up a broad stairway in a palace, and he had disguised himself for this undertaking, at any rate so far as his head and shoulders were concerned, as the Egyptian god Horus. It seemed to me that he had a flavour of tangerines and toy soldiers. I concentrated for a moment on this assault, and was rewarded by a picture of Captain Crouch, a small, hook-nosed man with a cork foot. Then, with a faint echo of "Good King Wenceslas," and a vivid flash of a man toppling over a precipice, helpless in the hug of a grizzly bear, I had the answer—the *Boy's Own Annual*!



"Pardon me, do you happen to have seen a man carrying a suitcase marked 'Belloni and his Talking Dog'?"

I spent the next half-hour in the lumber-room. I had last seen the volumes behind an old-fashioned, horn-shaped loudspeaker, but they were there no longer, nor were they beneath the massive set of the *Dictionary of National Biography* in the old trunk. I had not referred to them, I must admit, since the dark days of 1938, when I had felt a sudden longing to refresh my memory as to how Chris had shot the tarantula off Jackson's hand at Dudley's bedside, but that anyone should have given the books away seemed reckless indeed. Nevertheless, after stealthily man-handling a couple of rolls of oilcloth off an old Union Jack that seemed to be covering something bookish, only to find a set of photograph albums, I decided to give up the search.

Back in bed, I took up Dr. Johnson once more, but with little hope. Sure enough, right in the middle of a closely-reasoned debate on the different methods of hoking the razor while shaving I was forced to add to my characters a great yellow sea-cook named, or so I thought, Ah Wing. "Yes," he said simply, "I am very strong. I once strangled a man with my bare hands."

It had now become clear to me that Dr. Johnson's future value as a soporific would depend on my ability to secure copies of the *Boy's Own Annual* for the years 1915 to 1920 or thereabouts. Only in this way could I hope, by a thorough revision of all the tales dealing with Pali, Crouch, Ah Wing and the rest,

so to clear my mind as to be able to seek sleep in the great biography without fear of interruption. It was a formidable undertaking. I put the thing from my mind and opened another book.

"'Why are you not racing?' the general asked jestingly.

"'My race is a more difficult one,' Alexei Alexandrovitch replied, respectfully. 'If you value your life or your reason keep away from the moor.'"

I knew where to find that all right. It was in the cupboard under the stairs with Willie's old microscope. It took me about three hours to read it through, and I slept like a top from five o'clock to half-past eight.

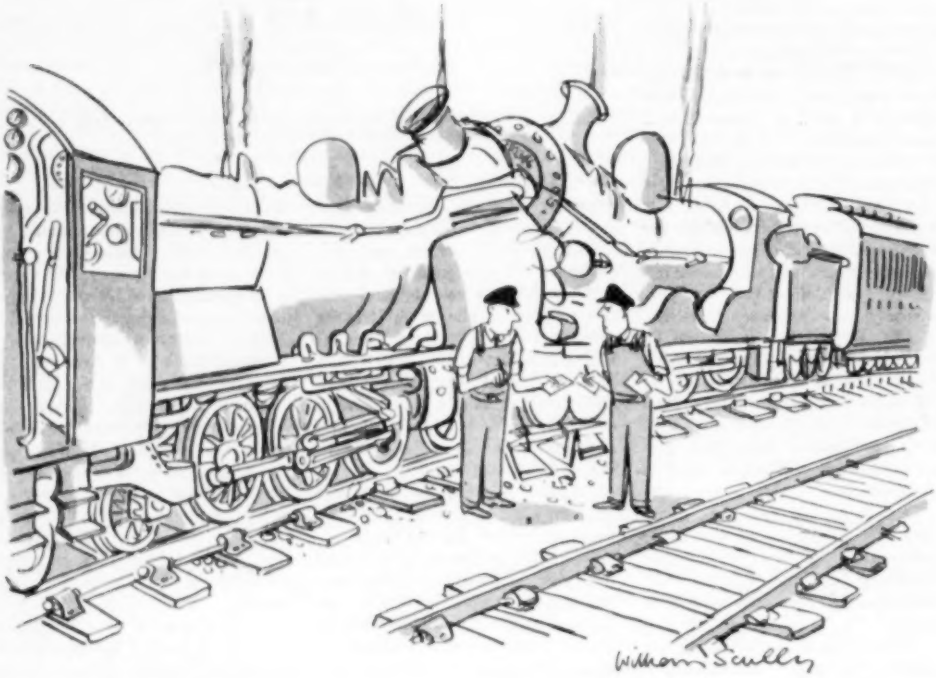
But I shall miss Dr. Johnson.

T. S. Watt

INVESTIGATION

We of the management think the trouble has been with the stop tap in the wash place not being turned right off after using hot water. This allows steam to escape into the office. The directors cannot forget the night when the paper came off the walls in the large office and fell into the typewriters, causing them to think again about buying covers. This we think can be traced to steam from the stop tap, as also the cleaner suing us for doing the splits on the slippery floor. This could have been due to paste getting reconstituted off the wallpaper.

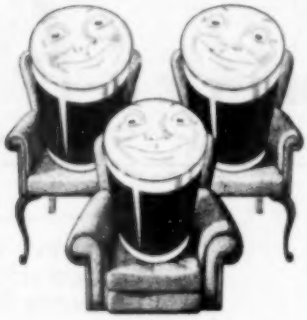
Our investigation of the incident shows it was connected also with the safe door getting rusted together beyond our efforts to blow-lamp it open without burning the production reports. This could also have been the steam. Furthermore, it could have been the condensation from this on the ceiling which, by softening the old beams, let one of the new lathes through from the floor above, and the steam through to rust the rest. It is well known that the production hold-up which followed lost us two of our best customers to Pugleys, who have no hot-water system for their office staff. Adding the cost of all this to our normal overheads brought up the price of our goods so dangerously near our competitors that salary cuts stare us in the face. That is the only alternative to keeping this tap shut off when no one is washing.



NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 8d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1909. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 5d.; Canada 1d. Elsewhere Overseas 1d. SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 80/-. Overseas 39/6 (U.S.A. $5.25); Canada 34/- or $5.50.

Family Group



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GUINNESS WHEN YOU'RE TIRED

G.E.1568.C

Strong...

Pressure proofed by patented process and tested at every stage. Only proven leads go into Venus Drawing Pencils

SMOOTH...

A patented colloidal process removes all grit and impurities—they must be smooth

ACCURATE...

Accurate through and through—graded and tested by experts. Venus Drawing Pencils make the right mark every time

THE PENCIL WITH THE CRACKLE FINISH

VENUS *Perfect* **PENCILS**

THE VENUS PENCIL CO. LIMITED, LOWER CLAPTON ROAD, LONDON, E.5

MADE BY RAYNER & COMPANY LTD · LONDON · N.18

FERRANTI

Since 1882

FERRANTI

have been pioneers in electrical engineering for industry and the home

Ferranti Ltd., Hollinwood, Lancs.
London Office: 36 Kingsway, W.C.2

TRANSFORMERS
VOLTAGE REGULATORS
HIGH VOLTAGE A.C. & D.C. TESTING EQUIPMENT
POWER FACTOR CORRECTION CONDENSERS
A.C. & D.C. HOUSE SERVICE & SWITCHBOARD METERS
A.C. & D.C. PREPAYMENT METERS
METER TESTING EQUIPMENT
ELECTRONIC DEVICES
VALVES & CATHODE RAY TUBES
MEASURING INSTRUMENTS
SWITCHBOARD INSTRUMENTS
SUMMATION METERING EQUIPMENT
A.C. & D.C. TEST SETS
CLIP-ON AMMETERS
HIGH VOLTAGE INDICATORS
CURRENT AND VOLTAGE TRANSFORMERS
ELECTRIC FIRES & SPACE HEATERS
ELECTRIC WATER HEATERS
ELECTRIC CLOCKS
RADIO & TELEVISION
SYNTHETIC RESIN-BONDED PAPER TUBES & CYLINDERS
CASTINGS

Do you want to be SURE about your Hotel...

its standards of food and service and the size of the bill?

Then what you want is the Trust House book.

Write for Map of Trust Houses and Guide, to:—

TRUST HOUSES LIMITED

81 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1 · GROSVENOR 1846

CURRENT PLATITUDES

4

SAVE!

In these days of high taxation chance is a fine thing, but we respectfully suggest that buying the best is a sound investment and can confidently recommend our finest quality knitwear.

Discriminating men of all nations look for the "A" knitted in our fine quality socks and knitted apparel.

Enquiries to

ALLEN SOLLY & CO. LTD.

ARNOLD NOTTINGHAM

20/-
Bottle

DRY FLY SHERRY is the best appetizer and is a gracious welcome to your guests. From your Wine Merchant or:

Findlater Mackie Todd & Co. Ltd.

Wine and Spirit Merchants to H.M. The King · Wigmore Street, W.1

MEN who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture wouldn't give it up for love or money. It's a grand tobacco of medium strength—the strength most men prefer. It's cool and fragrant, with a flavour all its own. Burns slowly and evenly, and therefore lasts longer. That is important these days!

MURRAY'S
MELLOW **MIXTURE**
4/1½d. an ounce

MURRAY, SONS AND CO. LTD., BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND *where good tobaccos have been skilfully blended for over 130 years*

ROSS'S

BELFAST

GINGER ALE
SODA WATER
TONIC WATER

LIME JUICE CORDIAL
LEMONADE
GRAPE FRUIT

While still restricted at home we are exporting again

World or Worldkin?

"Be no longer a chaos, but a world, or even worldkin. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce in God's name!"

Thomas Carlyle

ASSOCIATED ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES is something quite sizable in worldkins: and its function is precisely to extirpate chaos. Its member companies are amongst the most famous in the land, employ 53,000 people in 30 factories in 20 towns. They "produce, produce" not pitiful fractions but £50m. worth of electrical equipment every year. And production of an infinite variety. The resources of the earth from iron and rubber to germanium and krypton are processed and applied to everything electrical—a turbine casing develops out of a foundry ladle, a glass bulb from a handful of sand. And all of it quality equipment, the best that scientific knowledge and experience can create, the best that money can buy.

WHAT does it ADD UP TO?

Factory floor space (sq. ft.)	10,000,000
Number of employees	53,000
Output per year	£50,000,000
Years of experience	50
Expenditure on research	£1,000,000
Exports per year	£15,000,000

It all adds up to **AEI**

Associated Electrical Industries

PARENT CONCERN OF THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES

The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.
Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd.
The Edison Swan Electric Co. Ltd.
Ferguson Pailin Ltd.
The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co. Ltd.
International Refrigerator Co. Ltd.
Newton Victor Ltd.
Premier Electric Heaters Ltd.

THE CONTINENT COMES HOME

Lace at one of Europe's finest Hotels, in a semi-tropical situation. 150 bedrooms, 5 acres of grounds fronting sea, tennis, squash, golf . . . smiling service. Write for brochure B.

THE
Imperial
TORQUAY

The ENGLISH HOTEL in the MEDITERRANEAN MANNER

See Scotland's Romantic West from

THE WESTERN ISLES HOTEL

Overlooking Tobermory Bay in the lovely Isle of Mull, this hotel offers you a perfect holiday; Golf; Tennis; River, Sea and Loch Fishing; Rough Shooting; Excursions. Excellent Cuisine and modern comfort, including vita-glass sun lounge and bright cocktail bar. Brochure with pleasure.

"Phone: Tobermory 12.

---

at 10 seaside resorts TRAVCO have HOTELS

Brighton, Bognor, Sandown, Shanklin, Torquay, Newquay, Ilfracombe, Grange-over-Sands, Scarborough, Clacton and London. ALL NOTED FOR COMFORT.

Write for Comprehensive Brochure,

Travco Hotels Ltd.
P. 65, Prescot Street,
London, E.1.

HOTEL DISCOVERIES

Unique little book fully describes the dream Hotels, Inns and Guest Houses of Devon and Cornwall. All personally recommended after vetting by a connoisseur of comfort, courtesy and cooking! A book for holidays and honeymoons, a fingerpost to happiness.

Post free 3 6d., *complete with map and indexed front.*

VICTOR B. HILTON, 45 Fleet St., Torquay

QUEEN ANNE
SCOTCH WHISKY

HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD.
EDINBURGH Est. 1793

Holders of Royal Appointment to successive Sovereigns since 1838

Prince of Wales Hotel

FOR GRACIOUS LIVING AT MODERATE TERMS

The moment you enter the portals of this magnificent, recently renovated hotel, a new experience in gracious living is yours. Overlooking the flower-decked lawns of The Stray, the lofty windows catch the sun's rays all day—the view is breath-takingly lovely. You will enjoy the superb cuisine; happy evenings are in store in the cosy lounge bar, or the gay, stimulating atmosphere of the cocktail bar. The Royal Baths are a few minutes away—four first-class golf courses nearby and four race courses within easy reach. This hotel enjoys an international reputation, offering accommodation to suit the most discriminating taste.

TERMS: From 10 guineas per week

Tel: Harrogate 6675/6/7

Harrogate

Grams: "Elegance, Harrogate"

Write for illustrated brochure

GOOD LOOKS
depend on
GOOD HEALTH

You can feel well and look beautiful if you ensure a healthy circulation of the blood, renew the tired tissues and promote a healthy, youthful skin. This you can do easily and effectively at home with the Pifco Vibratory Massager.

Beneficial to sufferers from rheumatism, sciatica and other muscular pains; relaxes taut nerves, soothes tired aching feet, and encourages a healthy scalp.

Obtainable at good-class Chemists, Electricians and Stores. Write for illustrated folder and name of nearest stockist to:—Pifco, Ltd., Dept. 18, Watling Street, Manchester, 4.

PIFCO
ELECTRIC VIBRATORY
Massager

59/6
Tax 19/6

In the home for a LIFETIME

SWAN BRAND

ALUMINIUM HOLLOWARE & ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

Identified by the Quality

The Fish Kettle and Cover—another of the popular Swan Brand family—is seamless and made of strong, pure aluminium. Fitted with drainer. Sizes available 13", 15" and 19", prices 45/-, 55/- and 75/- respectively. Supplied by leading Stores and Ironmongers.

Bulpitt & Sons Ltd., St. George's Works, Ickfield St., Birmingham 18.

OCCASIONS ARE ENHANCED BY

Personality
TURTLE OIL soap

MORE THAN A SOAP—
A BEAUTY TREATMENT

•

PERSONALITY BEAUTY PRODUCTS LIMITED ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH, LEICESTERSHIRE, ENG.

THE LITTLE THAT MATTERS SO MUCH

The test of aspirin is its purity. Just because of its purity Howards Aspirin costs a little more.

HOWARDS ASPIRIN

It is not the cheapest —it is the best.

Made by **HOWARDS OF ILFORD**
Established 1797

From the earliest days of domestic history, good household linen has been the subject of great pride and for generations housewives have been proud to say their sheets, pillowcases and towels were made by Horrockses. The name commands respect in every woman's mind and shall ever stand for quality the world over.

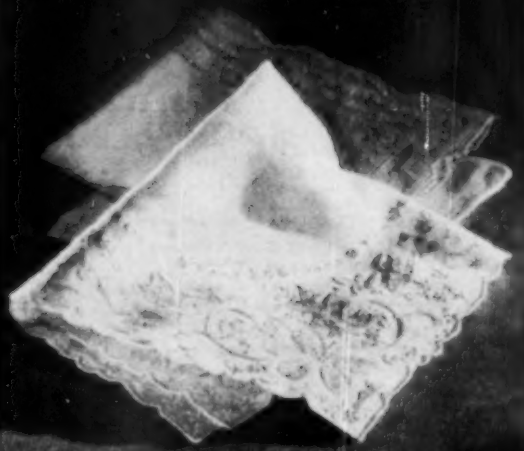
Horrockses REGD

the Greatest Name in Cotton

SHEETS · PILLOWCASES · TOWELS · DRESS GOODS · FURNISHINGS · ETC.

HORROCKSES CROMPTON & CO. LTD., PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BOSTON, LONDON

Handkerchiefs



from

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

THE LINEN HALL, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

"Is it to be A wave or YOUR wave?

A Jamal wave brings out your individuality. All we hairdressers know it's right for any hairstyle—short or long."

Jamal

LUXURIOUS PERMANENT WAVING
. . . MACHINELESS
. . . . KINDEST TO YOUR HAIR

G&G

ETERNA

Choice of the Discriminating

Limited supplies of the world-famous ETERNA protected precision watches are again available at high-class watchmakers. The lady's model (No. 106DT), illustrated, has a water and dust-proof stainless steel case, and a 15-jewels shock absorbing movement. It costs £18. 16. 8, luminous dial 8/- extra.

Sole Distributors for Great Britain and Northern Ireland (Wholesale only)

ROBERT PRINGLE & SONS
36-42 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

I'd rather have a Jaffajuce

BECAUSE IT LOOKS GOOD, TASTES GOOD AND IS GOOD

A PLEA TO THE HOMELAND FROM 3,000 MILES AWAY

"I'd give anything to lay my hands on a tin of good old Gumption"

WRITES THIS DAUGHTER IN CANADA TO HER FATHER IN ENGLAND

Here is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. S. A. B. Hitchins, 5930 Cote des Neiges, Montreal, Canada, to her father in London, who has asked us to dispatch a supply of GUMPTION to his daughter in Montreal.

*"I wonder if I could ask you to send me some GUMPTION? I know it sounds crazy, but I just can't find anything like it here. * * * is the usual cleaner here and I'm fed up sitting on a lot of grit in the bath.*

We will be faced with quite a bit of cleaning in the future, and I'd give anything to lay my hands on a tin of good old GUMPTION. I'd even pay heavy duty (if any) on it!"

* * * Name omitted for obvious reasons.

YOU do not have to send from 3,000 miles away to get some GUMPTION—nor do you have to pay freight or duty. YOU can get GUMPTION from your local shop, for only 1/- or 2/6 a tin. It cleans everything—it simply can't scratch—and it leaves your hands soft and smooth. If you have not used GUMPTION before, buy a tin to-morrow—if it does not do all we claim, post us the part-used tin and we will refund your money.

Gumption Products Ltd.,
Mellier House, Albemarle St., London, W.1

PURELY PERSONAL

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST—she lost his precious King Six Cigars

LIFE-BOAT FACTS

LIFE-BOAT MEN

All Life-boat men are volunteers except the motor mechanics. All are rewarded every time they answer a call. Total yearly payments to the men are nearly £100,000. The Life-boat Service is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. Send your contribution however small.

ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
42, GROSVENOR GARDENS,
LONDON, S.W.1.

THE DUKE OF MONTROSE, K.T., C.B., C.V.O., V.D., *Treasurer*.
COL. A. D. BURNETT BROWN, M.C., T.D., M.A., *Secretary*.

This man is WANTED in Canada

"CANADIANS want British business man"—yes, this means *you!* Canadians want to buy *your* goods and they want to see *you*—in person, in Canada. You'll never have a better opportunity than you have *now!*

Fly to Canada yourself by Trans-Canada Air Lines, the most frequent direct service. It's important to *get in first* in this valuable hard-currency market—and in the U.S. market, too. Step aboard one of T.C.A.'s luxurious North Star pressurised Skyliners at London or at Prestwick—in less than a day you'll be in Montreal, within an easy flight of every important Canadian and U.S. city.

There are frequent connections with all major U.S. airlines, and U.K. passengers can save dollars by booking T.C.A. right through to their final destination beforehand. Fast T.C.A. services leave Britain for Canada daily. Let T.C.A. take you there—and you will take the orders!

DOLLAR-FREE! HOLIDAYS IN BEAUTIFUL WEST INDIES

Let T.C.A. Skyliners fly you to carefree sunny holidays in the beautiful West Indies Islands—famous for their all-the-year-round climate! U.K. passengers can make *through* bookings at special rates. You fly via Montreal to Nassau, Jamaica, Bermuda, Barbados and Trinidad. No dollars are needed—T.C.A. will pay your overnight expenses in Montreal.

TRANS-CANADA *Air Lines*

Full information and reservations from your *Travel Agent* or from 27, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1. Telephone: WHItehall 0851 (Passengers and Air Cargo)
Scottish Address: PRESTWICK AIRPORT, AYRSHIRE, SCOTLAND
Tel. Glasgow Central 3428 or Prestwick 7272 (Extension 268/9)

IT'S ONLY A DAY BY TCA

FREE HOME TRIAL!

WORLD FAMOUS "HEALTH RAY"

Ultra-Violet-Infra-Red

ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS—Will give you a wonderful tan, improve your appearance, form vitamins in the tissues and increase your vigour and vitality. Strongly antiseptic, they destroy germs. Pimples, blotchy and unhealthy skin yield quickly to their purifying action.

INFRA-RED RAYS—Relieve Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis, Influenza, Colds, Eczema, Bronchitis, Sciatica, Asthma, etc. **Test the Health Ray at home** for 7 days at our expense. If it does not ease your aches and pains and make you look and feel better, it will not cost you a penny.

PRICE £6 Complete. 5 years guarantee

Medical certificate not required. Made for home use. Safe and easy to use. All voltages, AC or DC. Immediate delivery. Send no money now. Doctors use and recommend—
200,000 sold in U.S.A.

NOT SOLD IN SHOPS

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

Health Ray Co., Dept. P.M. 23, Southampton.

Please send details of your Free Trial Offer of the Health Ray.

Name

Address

Did you MACLEAN your teeth today?

MACLEANS
Peroxide Tooth Paste
makes teeth
WHITER

HAIR AND SCALP TREATMENT

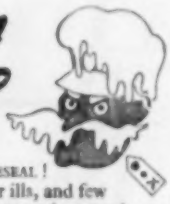
Those holding the designatory title M.I.T. and A.I.T. are men and women who have studied for a minimum period of three years and have satisfied the Medical and Scientific Examiners appointed by the Incorporated Institute of Trichologists.

Their names have been placed on the Register of the Institute as persons capable of treating maladies peculiar to the Human Scalp and Hair.

Those who feel the need for specialised care and advice are invited to write to

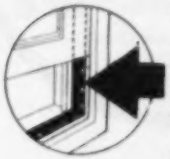
The General Secretary,
J. D. PAULL, ESQ., A.C.A.,
"REGINA HOUSE",
1/5 QUEEN STREET,
LONDON, E.C.4.

Immunity from DRAUGHTS?



Yes—it is achieved by INSTALLING HERMESEAL!
Draughts are the cause of colds and other ills, and few homes are free of either when GENERAL WINTER is around. Draughts, of course, *are the vicious symptoms of a continual cold air leakage through the gaps around every window and door in your home*—creating chilly rooms and endless discomfort.

HERMESEAL attacks this problem at its source, and REDUCES THIS UNWANTED LEAKAGE BY AS MUCH AS 95%, ensuring more efficient heating, higher internal temperatures, appreciable saving in fuel and healthier living conditions.



A PERMANENT installation in phosphor-bronze alloy carrying a 10 year guarantee, and suitable for every type of door and window, HERMESEAL will more than repay its cost in a few winter seasons. May we send you full details?

HERMESEAL
means warmer homes
BRITISH HERMESEAL LTD.
HEAD OFFICE: 4 PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1
Telephone: Grosvenor 4324 (3 *lines*)

Managing directors are proud to be mechanics

. . . with these keen spare-time airmen*

The spirit of the men and women in the Royal Auxiliary Air Force and R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve is shown by the number who, holding important jobs, are well content to spend their spare time as members of these organisations. Whether they are ex-airmen glad to be back where they feel they belong, or "new boys" proud to be allowed to join, they are comrades in enthusiasm.

All of them—from the pilot with rows of ribbons to the youngster learning the secrets of radar—share the satisfaction of knowing they are helping to keep Britain "on top" in the air.

*** Royal Auxiliary Air Force**
*** R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve**

AUXILIARIES. *Flying and Regiment Squadrons (men): Air Observation Post Units (men): Fighter Control Units (men and women). These train as complete units on their local R.A.F. stations.*
RESERVES. *Air and ground staff (men and women) who carry out non-continuous training at the Reserve Centre nearest their homes. Flying training is done at nearby Reserve Flying Schools.*

TO: AIR MINISTRY, (DEPT. P.U.63), ADASTRAL HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

Please send full information (pay, bounty, travelling allowances, uniform, etc.) about R.A.F. Auxiliaries and Reserves. (If ex-R.A.F. or ex-W.A.A.F., give Rank, Trade, No.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Modest Symbol
Benson & Hedges have dealt in cigars for nearly a hundred years—long enough to know that a good cigar needs no extravagant claims; long enough to be sure that their specially imported La Diadema cigars are fitting for any occasion when only the best will do.
BENSON and HEDGES LTD
OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1
LA DIADEMA
Jamaica
FROM ALL LEADING TOBACCONISTS

Try it today!
Still the world's finest aperitif
CINZANO
GENUINE ITALIAN VERMOUTH
internationally famous since 1816
Red or White, sweet LARGE BOTTLE 16/6
Cinzano Dry 22/-

Product of S.A. Francesco Cinzano & Cia, Turin, and S.A.F. Cinzano, Paris. Sole Importers: Giordano Ltd., Charlotte Street, London, W.1., to whom all Trade enquiries should be made.

NEWTON
Hydratruck
THE TRUCK WITH A HUNDRED USES
A HAND LIFTER WITH REAL POWER CAPACITY
HALVE YOUR HANDLING COSTS
AND DO THE JOB BETTER, CHEAPER, QUICKER & SAFER
The Hydratruck is unique and fully guaranteed. Loads of half a ton are lifted by hand to nearly five feet in under a minute—compare this with manhandling.
EVERY TRADE HAS A USE FOR A
Hydratruck
THE ALL-ROUNDER THAT SLASHES HANDLING COSTS.
LIFTS ½ TON NEARLY 5 FEET IN ONE MINUTE BY HAND
PRICE £85 EX-WORKS
Simply Hydraulics Plus a Few Strokes of the Handle
Write today for full details
• MECHANICAL HANDLING EXHIBITION—VISIT OUR STAND No. 829 (OLYMPIA) GRAND HALL.
POWER JACKS LIMITED
VALETTA RD · ALTON · LONDON · W.3

Murder by Hormones

'Methoxone' is the proprietary name given to the sodium salt of 4-chlor-2-methyl-phenoxyacetic acid. Its development at the Jealott's Hill Research Station of I.C.I. marked a revolution in the technique of weedkilling. 'Methoxone' represents the achievement of agricultural scientists probing the mysteries of plant growth. Growth in plants, as in animals, is controlled by minute secretions known as hormones. These are complex substances, but physiologists are now able to isolate them and to produce similar compounds artificially. In 1940 the Jealott's Hill biologists discovered that certain concentrations of plant hormones could hinder as well as assist growth. Some plants were more affected than others, and as many weeds of cornland were among these, it was at once seen that hormones held the possibility of selective weedkilling. The next step was to find a synthetic hormone with the maximum effect in retarding growth. Drs. W. G. Templeman and W. A. Sexton of I.C.I. undertook the necessary research. Of the many compounds which they produced and examined, 'Methoxone' gave greatest promise, and in nation-wide field trials, their laboratory results were amply confirmed.

Today, 'Methoxone' preparations, under the trade name 'Agroxone', can be obtained by farmers everywhere. Thus the age-old problem of the wheat and the tares has been brought a noteworthy step nearer solution.

ICI

Flying Holidays to Romantic Places by

AIR FRANCE

1950 Programme includes

Return Fares

PARIS	£10. 0.0	LA BAULE	£16.19.0
NICE	£34. 6.0	DINARD	£11.11.0
CANNES	£35. 4.0	MADRID	£45.17.0
BIARRITZ	£28.16.0	ROME	£50. 0.0
LOURDES	£29.14.0	GENEVA	£23. 0.0
MAJORCA	£44. 4.0		

Return fares are from London. Services also from Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow and Belfast. Full details of all Air France services can be obtained from your Travel Agent, or

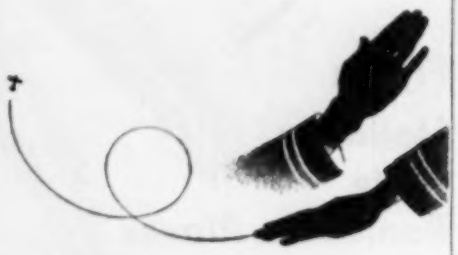
AIR FRANCE, 52 HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1 WHITEHALL 0971

YOUR CHILD

In your plans for your child's education and career life assurance can be a real help. Write today for a copy of the New "Career Policy" leaflet to

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

Head Office: 9 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, 2
London Offices: 28 Cornhill, E.C.3 17 Waterloo Place, S.W.1

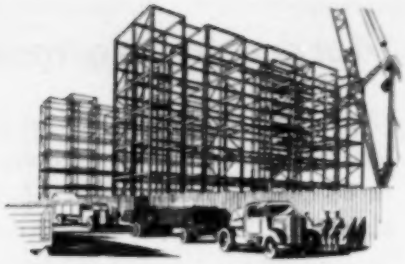


DO PILOTS TALK T.I.?

Those swooping palms, those turning wrists, more eloquent than words when flying men foregather . . . do *they* refer to TI? Rarely, if you put it like that. But when you consider that there is not a British plane in service which cannot refer to TI engineering for *something* valuable or vital . . . from precision tubes in engine and frame to aluminium skin, from oxygen bottles, components of oil-cooler or retractable undercarriage to pilot's seat or radio parts . . . who then can doubt that pilots talk TI?

The letters TI mean Tube Investments Limited, of The Adelphi, London, W.C.2 (Temple Bar 0271). They also stand for the thirty producing companies of the co-ordinated TI group, makers of precision tubes, of bicycles and components, of wrought aluminium alloys, electrical appliances, pressure vessels, paints, road signs, metal furniture . . . and essential mechanical parts for a thousand and one things which everybody uses.

TI THE SURNAME OF A THOUSAND THINGS



when the Structural Steelwork is by BOULTON AND PAUL

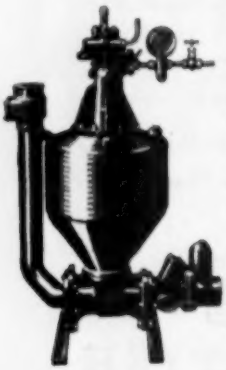
IT'S A FIRST CLASS JOB

BOULTON AND PAUL LTD · NORWICH · LONDON · BIRMINGHAM

STEEL CONSTRUCTION · WOODWORKING · WIRE NETTING · FENCING · REFRIGERATORS

CBC18

If you are handling any of these—PUMP them quicker with the COMPRESSED AIR OPERATED Ejectopump



FOOD Soup, sauce and pickles, chocolate, edible fats, wort, glucose, sugar syrup, jam, marmalade with pips and skin, fruit pulps including the stones, apple puree, peas, boiled apples, barley malt vinegar.

CHEMICALS Starch effluent, starch syrup, agar jelly, caustic liquors, glycerine, fatty acids, milk of lime.

OILS Lubricating oil, residual, fuel oils, inflammable solvents, liquid soap.

PAINTS Paints, lacquers, varnishes, hot bitumen.

BILGE WATER Dockyard accumulations, oily sea water, dock gate seepage, ship's bilge water, marine kitchen refuse.

ABRASIVES Suspended carborundum, gritty sump oil, ground china stone, sandy water.

RUBBER Lates. *Send for List 70e.*

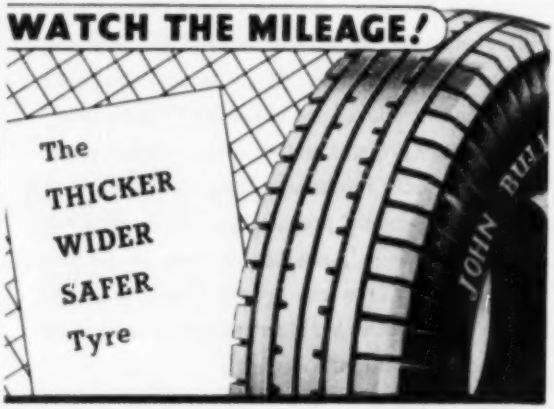
Phone: Deansgate 6063/2/3/4

GRESHAM & CRAVEN LTD
DEPT. A · ORDSALL LANE · SALFORD · MANCHESTER 5

Grams: Brake Phone Manchester

London Technical Representative and Selling Agent: Conway Arnold, A.M.I.Mech.E., 13 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, S.W.1. Telephone: Whitehall 2881/3. Ext. 12

WATCH THE MILEAGE!



MOTORISTS WHO KEEP A RECORD OF THE *TROUBLE-FREE* MILEAGE THEIR TYRES GIVE have proof that John Bull "Heavy Tread" tyres are unequalled for sheer service.

The thicker tread makes them almost puncture-proof, and the unusual width—made possible by the exclusive "Corbelled Buttress"—reduces the rate of wear by putting more rubber into contact with the road.

JOHN BULL

MADE FOR THE MAN WHO WILL HAVE THE BEST

Now in operation — two new Speedbird Services!

To Brazil, Argentina, Chile —by Argonaut!

FOR PASSENGERS to Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina and Chile, B.O.A.C. is now operating a faster service with luxurious "Argonaut" Speedbirds—pressurised, air-conditioned, with sound-proofed cabins and separate cocktail lounge — four times a week via Lisbon, Dakar and Natal to Rio de Janeiro, three times a week to Montevideo and Buenos Aires and twice a week to São Paulo and Santiago.

To Bermuda, the Bahamas, Cuba —by Constellation!

FOR PASSENGERS to all parts of the Caribbean and the Pacific Coast of South America, B.O.A.C. is now operating a new direct service with fast, comfortable Constellation Speedbirds, flying twice a week via Lisbon, the Azores, Bermuda to Nassau (continuing through to Havana once a week), with B.O.A.C. air connections at Nassau to Kingston, Miami, Panama, Lima and Santiago.

SIX FLIGHTS A WEEK TO LISBON

Six flights a week are now operated by B.O.A.C. between London and Lisbon. Consult also B.E.A. timetables.

Book Now. No charge for advice, information or bookings by Speedbird to all six continents at your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal Buckingham Palace Rd., London, S.W.1. Telephone: VICtoria 2323.

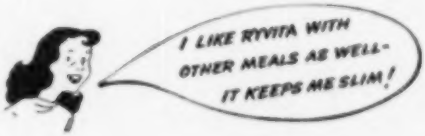
B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

FLY BRITISH BY **B·O·A·C**

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

Ryvita and Marmalade

for breakfast



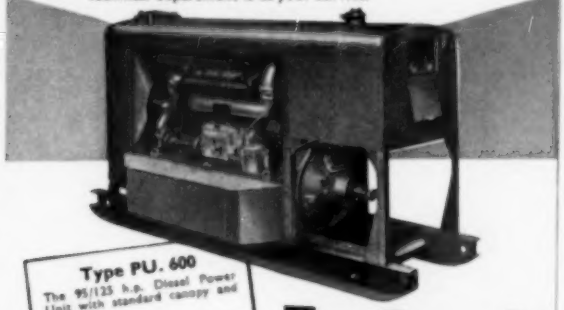
Have you a POWER problem?

If you have, the answer can be found in the latest Leyland diesel Power Units—the PU. 300 or PU. 600.

VERSATILE—There are Leyland installations of 55 h.p. and upwards for stationary or mobile application and for generating electricity for power and lighting purposes.

SPARE PARTS AVAILABLE—The Units are assembled from our own stock automotive parts and so produced at very reasonable costs. The user is free from any replacement worries, for spare parts can be readily obtained from any of the Leyland Service Depots and agents throughout the world.

Full information will be gladly sent on request. Our technical department is at your service.



Type PU. 600
The 95/125 h.p. Diesel Power Unit with standard canopy and equipment.

LEYLAND MOTORS LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS:
LEYLAND · LANCS · ENGLAND
EXPORT DIVISION:
HANOVER HOUSE · HANOVER SQ · LONDON W.1

Leyland

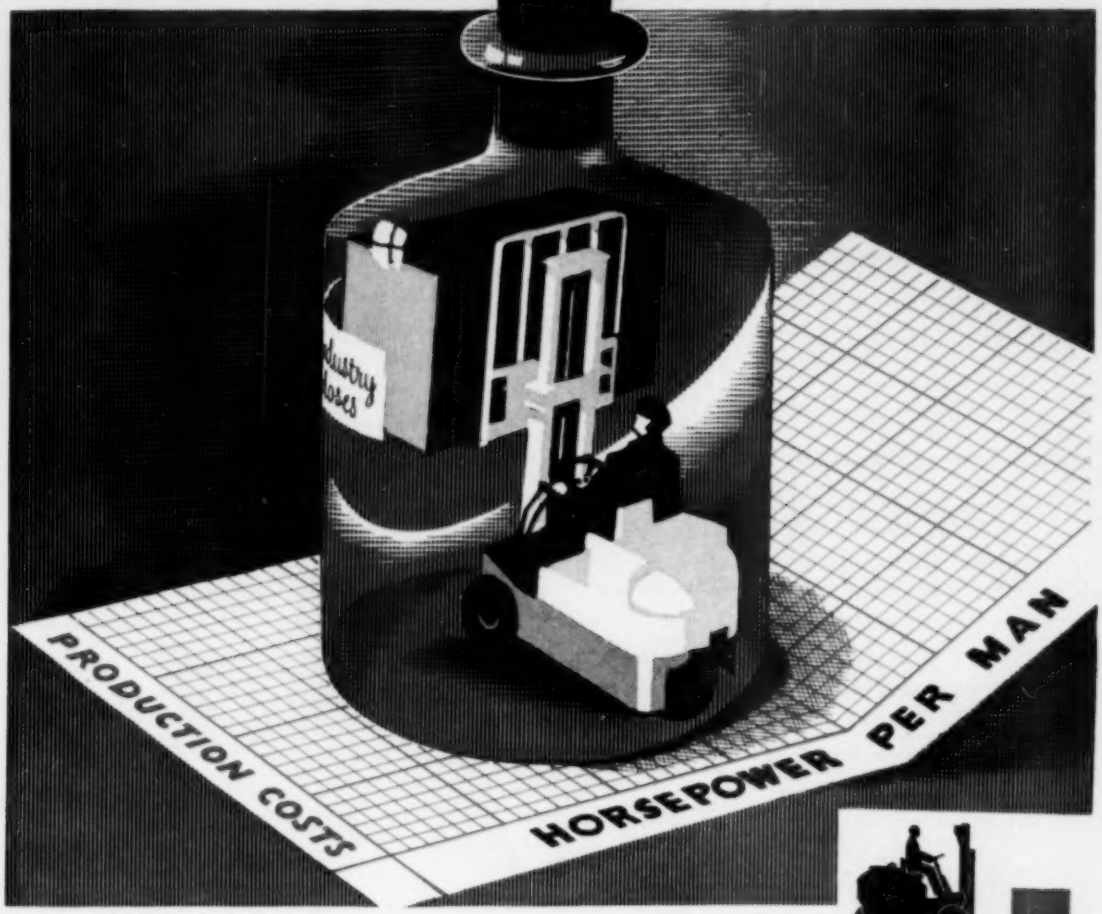
Two into one will go...

Any doctor will tell you that before Chance Brothers perfected the inter-changeable all-glass syringe it was the devil's own job to get plungers and barrels to match. It was so bad that plungers and barrels had to be tied together in pairs when they were sterilized so that partners were not parted. But with this new syringe, any plunger will fit any barrel and give a non-leaking fit because Chance Brothers laugh at a tolerance of a few ten-thousandths of an inch. And that's how hypodermic syringes are now made of glass by Chance.

Chance .... GLASS **FOR SCIENCE, INDUSTRY AND THE HOME**

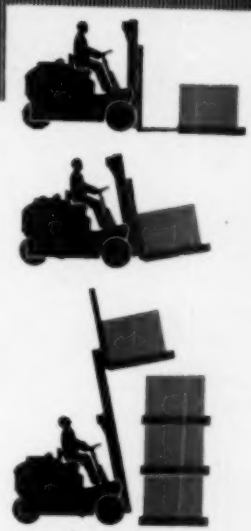
CHANCE BROTHERS LIMITED Glass-makers since 1824. *Head Office:* Glass Works, Smethwick 40, Birmingham. *London Office:* 28 St. James's Square, S.W.1. *Branch Works:* Glasgow, St. Helens and Malvern.

PRESCRIPTION for PROSPERITY



Every working party sent overseas to compare manufacturing methods brings back the same inescapable answer. Greater and cheaper production per man by Britain's rivals is due to their wider use of Mechanical Handling. They give man-power horsepower. Handling adds nothing whatsoever to the value of goods, but only to their cost. The prescription for prosperity is Mechanical Handling.

Here, now, and made in Britain, is a machine which handles; carries, lifts, stacks and loads; almost anything, 2,000 to 6,000 lb. at a time. It is a machine for cutting non-productive time. We may use it, or we may delay using it. But we cannot evade the issue. Only by eliminating non-productive time—and its crippling cost—can Britain compete, or even survive.



COVENTRY CLIMAX Fork Trucks

For detailed information about the Coventry Climax Models best suited to your needs, write to Dept. 13

COVENTRY CLIMAX ENGINES LTD., WIDDRINGTON ROAD WORKS, COVENTRY

Printed in England by Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Limited, at 10-20, Phœnix Place, Mount Pleasant, W.C.1, and published by them weekly, with one additional summer issue and one additional winter issue, at 10, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, March 29, 1950.